Everything I Do For Love (It Redeems Me Of The Worst I've Done) - Temporary Hiatus
Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/25952422.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Jack Crawford, Clarice Starling, Beverly Katz, Winston (Hannibal), OCs
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Omega Will Graham, Alpha Hannibal Lecter, Scent Marking, Canon-Typical Violence, Cannibalism, Caring Hannibal Lecter, Intersex Will Graham, Mpreg, Murder, Daddy Kink, Pregnant Sex, Blood and Gore, Angst, Arguing, Male Lactation, Angry Will Graham, Empathy, Dark Will Graham, Vaginal Sex, Vaginal Fingering, Children, Pregnancy, Insecure Will Graham, Labor and Delivery, Intersex Omegas, Anal Sex, Bottom Will Graham, Bottom Hannibal Lecter, Top Will Graham, Top Hannibal Lecter, Knotting, Oral Sex, Uncircumcised Penis, Anal Fingering, Lactation Kink
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of We Are A Happy Family -- A Happy Murder Family - Temporary Hiatus
Stats:	Published: 2020-08-17 Updated: 2020-11-19 Words: 50,100 Chapters: 7/?

Everything I Do For Love (It Redeems Me Of The Worst I've Done) - Temporary Hiatus

by LaynaVile

Summary

Two years later, it's more of the same, babies and dogs, meals and murders.

*They're Hungry For My Skin (Teeth Wide Smiling That They Found Me) sequel

Notes

Check my Tumblr under the "#a/b/o hannigram au" tag for *behind the scenes* posts about the series as well as *face claims/inspiration* for the children.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

> Not all tags show up in the first chapter, additional tags will be added as I write. I have about 20k written so far so about 3 chapters, but I'm still writing every day.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

She had gotten far too close too discovering their secret--Will had no choice, he had to kill her.

--

After putting the twins to bed Hannibal and Will begin cleaning up the kitchen from dinner.

"So tell me, dear, how many have killed without me?" Hannibal has known for weeks now that Will is the one responsible for the last four Ripper killings, they'd displayed the bodies together--what Hannibal doesn't know is how many other Will has killed without him. He's not angry with Will for following his predatory instincts, he is however angry with Will if he's being careless and potentially drawing attention to them. Hannibal has always been meticulously careful when killing--Will tends to be a bit overzealous.

"Including the FBI agent in our basement? Seven."

"FBI agent? What have you done?"

"She was getting too close, she *knew* things, ma moitié, she was going to come for us, for our family." Will shakes as he speaks.

"I can only assume then that the body in our basement is Clarice Starling, she knew only what I told her. She didn't have any evidence. I told you to trust me, my love, but you didn't

trust that I had it under control. *You* have jeopardized our family, not me."

"Hannibal, no, don't say that, I did this *for* our family."

"I've been seeing her for almost two years now, I've been consulting with the FBI for almost as long, I know exactly what evidence they have and do not have. They had nothing on us, either of us, they were not even looking our way."

"They won't find her body, they won't know to look to us for her disappearance."

"And where exactly was she when you abducted her?"

"Well she had just left your office,"

"You took her from my office? What the hell were you thinking?"

"Well I needed to know where she was so I could catch her."

"Do you not understand that if the last place she was known to be was **my** office, they will look into me for her disappearance?"

"No, I didn't take her from your office, I just followed her from there. I'm not fucking stupid, Hannibal."

"No, you're just impulsive and don't think before you act."

Will snorts, "Apparently, being that I stupidly let you knock me up again." Will is twenty-one weeks pregnant with their fourth child, they've decided to keep the gender a mystery this time--Will's idea not Hannibal's.

"Don't say things like that, mylimasis. Our child is wanted and loved, and never was or will be considered a mistake."

"Oh, go fuck yourself, you pretentious asshole."

Hannibal has to remind himself that Will is speaking through the hormones, he doesn't mean what he's saying. "Will, please, I want us--our family to stay together and be safe."

"Once again, I'm not fucking stupid. I know how to be careful, to not leave any evidence, and how to use as much of a body as possible, and then how to dispose of a body so no one ever finds it." Will huffs, "You taught me this stuff, do you doubt your own abilities? Or just my intelligence?"

"Atsiprašau, mano meilė. Aš nenoriu tavęs įskaudinti."

"You know that I have no fucking clue what you're saying--you never taught me Lithuanian like you said you would, but I'd probably not be smart enough to comprehend it anyway and that's probably your intention, huh? To make me feel stupid." There are tears in Will's eyes, whether they are from anger or sadness, Hannibal is not sure.

"My love, I am sorry, it has never been my intention to hurt you or make you feel stupid. I only worry for our family, I don't want us to end up separated."

A few tears fall and Will roughly wipes them away, "Don't, just don't, you, you think you're better than me or smarter than me but you're not. I might be just a stupid, uneducated omega, but I am not worthless, I'm really fucking not. I'm sorry if you're regretting your decision to bond with me and have a family with me, I'm sorry I'm not good enough for you."

Hannibal steps closer to Will and Will takes three steps back. "Don't fucking touch me."

"Will, please."

"No, don't come near me. I'm sleeping in **my** nest tonight, stay the hell out." Will storms off.

Hannibal resists the urge to chase him up the stairs. He instead goes to the basement to deal with Agent Starling's body. He cannot display her as a Ripper kill--though he would like to, he could have made her into a beautiful work of art. Seeing the woman he'd been counseling and diverting for so long is startling--he doesn't *care* for her, that's not it per se, the shock is more from the knowledge that he no longer has someone he can manipulate into giving him information about The Ripper case--he may still be asked to consult with the FBI, but without Agent Starling that opportunity could be gone. Hannibal never had any intention of eating her, but he has a family to feed--two toddlers, a pregnant husband and a horde of dogs.

He starts by pulling on one of his plastic suits, then begins harvesting the organs, he packages them and puts them into separate freezers--separating the dog food from the human food. He then begins disassembling the body, taking her apart at each joint first, then cutting apart the muscle and flesh into smaller chunks, he packages them and puts them away, he then works on separating the bones to cook the marrow later. He cuts apart her face next, removing her ears and nose and the fat of her cheeks and packages them together--they will be ground up later and used in the dog's food. He disposes of the parts he simply cannot use--will not use--such as her hair. He then flays the remaining tissues from her bones before smashing--a difficult task but he's been doing it for so long that he's mastered it--her skull and other useless bones into small unrecognizable shards and disposes of them in the trash.

He throws her clothes into the furnace, sanitizes the basement and his plastic suit before finally heading back upstairs. A quick glance at the clock on the kitchen wall tells him it's nearly three in the morning--dismembering and harvesting a body takes time.

Hannibal's instincts tell him to go to his mate, find him and comfort him and apologize to him, the rational side tells him to go to his own bed, let Will have his space and cool off.

--

"Daddy?" Small hands grab at his face waking him.

"Gryphon? What's wrong? Where is mama and Tony?"

"Can't find mama, Tony's sleepin'." Gryphon whines, his face is wet with tears.

"Kūdikis, what's wrong? Tell daddy so he can make it better." He pulls Gryphon into his arms, cuddling him close letting his son scent him.

"My tummy hurts, daddy."

Hannibal places the back of his hand against Gryphon's forehead, he doesn't feel warm, nor can Hannibal detect the sweet scent of a fever on him. "Do you need me to help you go potty?" Both children are potty trained, they wear pull-ups to bed just in case--Antonella still occasionally has accidents at night--and both still need help wiping their bottoms.

He shakes his head against Hannibal's chest, "I throwed up in my bed. I'm sorry, daddy."

"It's alright, kūdikis." He glanced to clock on his nightstand, the bold red letters indicate five ten am, "Would you like to stay in daddy's bed?"

"Will you rub my tummy like mama?"

"Will it make you feel better, kūdikis?"

"Yes, daddy."

He lifts Gryphon from his chest and lays his son on Will's pillow next to him, places his palm on Gryphon's tummy and rubs gentle little circles.

"No, daddy, under my shirt." Gryphon grabs at Hannibal's hand and pulls his shirt up exposing his soft belly. His skin is warm beneath Hannibal's palm, he resumes rubbing gently. Gryphon falls back to sleep clutching Hannibal's arm.

He'll clean up the vomit later.

--

He's woken up a second time by Will, gently trying to scoop up Gryphon from Hannibal's embrace.

"Leave him, he's not feeling well."

"I know, I found the vomit in his bed when I went to get Tony for breakfast. He belongs with me if he's sick."

"Do not punish our son because you are angry with me. He is resting now, peacefully, don't wake him."

"He needs his mama, not you."

"Will, please. I can take care of him, am I not his daddy? Is he not my son too? Do I not know how to care for him? Do I not have a medical license?"

"Fuck off, Hannibal. I'm taking him."

"You will not. He needs to rest and that is what he is doing here with me. He came to me this morning, he asked me to rub his tummy and make him feel better. He couldn't find you because you wanted to throw a hissy fit. Go deal with Antonella--Gryphon and I will stay here."

"He's my son, I am taking him."

Hannibal doesn't like to use his voice on Will--and he's only done so a handful of times and only when necessary--he'd promised long ago not to, but he's not about to let Will take their sleeping, sick son from him. "Enough of this nonsense, Will. He is sick, leave him and tend to Antonella." He keeps his voice quiet enough to not startle Gryphon, but enough alpha command that Will has to listen to him.

"Fuck you!" Will mentally yells at him as he leaves the room angrily--biology and bond not allowing him to disobey.

Hannibal shakes his head, sighing deeply, how is he going to fix this mess with Will? He shifts slightly and Gryphon grabs at him, snuffling in his sleep--scenting Hannibal subconsciously in an attempt to soothe himself. All children do it regardless of subgender to calm themselves, to feel better when sick and to recognize their family, but Gryphon reaches to scent Hannibal more often than he reaches for Will--something that causes Hannibal to wonder if it is an indication that Gryphon will present as omega when he is older.

He does not care if his son is omega or alpha or even beta, but he's already showing signs of being an omega the way his auntie Mischa did. Both of his children scent spicy like cinnamon--due to Will's chimera genes--but Hannibal has already begun to detect something softer on Gryphon. Neither child will truly develop the subgender scent until they present, but Will's scent was noticeable when he was just six years old, it's in their children's biology to develop a scent before presenting.

Gryphon whines in his sleep, Hannibal places his hand on his tummy and begins to rub again, hoping to soothe his son and let him rest longer.

--

The next time he wakes up, Gryphon is shivering and whining next to him, the sweet scent of a fever invades Hannibal's nose immediately.

"Kūdikis, are you okay?"

"Daddy." He whines.

"Come here, kūdikis, daddy's got you." He sits up with his back against the headboard and brings Gryphon into his lap, laying his head on Hannibal's chest. "Does your tummy still hurt or is it something else now?"

"My tummy and my throat, and I have to go potty, daddy."

He holds onto Gryphon as he stands, he carries him into the bathroom, helps him pull his pajama pants and pull-up down and sets him on the toilet, "Go ahead, I'm going to get the thermometer." He turns and opens the medicine cabinet, he pulls the temporal scan thermometer out. "Doing okay, kūdikis?"

Gryphon nods, still shivering.

"I'm going to check your temperature now, remember it doesn't hurt."

He brings the thermometer to Gryphon's temple and presses the button on it, the digital screen reads, one hundred and one point three degrees Fahrenheit. He puts it away, "Are you done?"

"I think so." Hannibal wipes him, then pulls his pants and pull-up back on. "Let's wash your hands and then daddy will give you some medicine."

He sets Gryphon on the countertop and allows him to wash his hands all by himself, Hannibal washes his when Gryphon is done. They keep all medications in the master bathroom so the twins can't get to them, Hannibal takes a bottle of children's Tylenol out and fills the dosage cup, "Drink it, kūdikis, it will help you feel better."

"But it's yucky."

"Gryphon, it will help you feel better, please drink it."

"But daddy,"

"No, drink it, kūdikis, please."

Gryphon stares at the cup in Hannibal's hand for a moment before taking it. He holds it in his small hands, "Can I have a drink after?"

"Of course." Hannibal picks up the cup he uses after brushing his teeth to rinse his mouth--it's clean, Hannibal washes it out with soap after each use--he fills it with a small amount of water, "Take your medicine and then you can have some water."

He drinks the Tylenol, making a face at the taste, dribbling a tiny bit of the pinky-red medicine from the corner of his mouth. Hannibal takes the dosage cup and hands the water to Gryphon who drinks it all in two gulps.

"Daddy?"

"Yes, kūdikis?"

"Where's mama?"

Hannibal listens for a moment, "He's downstairs playing with Tony."

"Can we go see them?"

"Is that what you want to do? Or do you want to rest some more?"

"Wanna see mama and sissy first."

Hannibal smiles and lifts Gryphon up off the counter, small arms wrap around his neck and legs around his torso, "Then let us go see them." He carries Gryphon down the stairs and follows Will's scent to find them in the living room, playing on the floor with stuffed toys and a few of the dogs.

"Mama." Gryphon's voice is soft but he sounds happy to see Will.

Will stands and steps towards them--not even looking at Hannibal, "Hey, Grif, how are you feeling?"

"Daddy gave me med'sin t'make me feel better."

"Medicine? What did you give him?"

"That's good, Grif, you wanna come to mama now so I can give you some cuddles to help you feel better?"

"Children's Tylenol, he has a fever of one hundred and one point three, his stomach and throat hurt, I'll need to look but I suspect he has strep throat."

"No, wanna stay with daddy."

"Griffy, okay?"

"He's fine, mielasis, just feeling a little bit sick."

"Griffy, you don't wanna cuddle with mama?"

"Nuh-uh, I want daddy." He clings to Hannibal's neck.

"What the hell did you do to him? He's never acted like this, especially not when he's sick!"

"I've done nothing but care for him, Will, please, he wanted to come down and see you both, but if you're going to accuse me of *doing* something to him, I'll take him right back upstairs now."

"No, don't take him away."

"Are you hungry, Grif?"

He shakes his head against Hannibal's shoulder. "I want a kiss from mama and sissy. I wanna go back to sleep." His voice is quiet and whiney.

"Oh, baby." Will leans in and presses his lips to the top of Gryphon's head, he picks Antonella up, "Give Grif a kiss, he's going back up to bed."

She kisses Gryphon's cheek, "Wanna cuddle my kitty, while you sleep? He makes me feel better."

He shakes his head again, "Wanna cuddle with daddy."

"Okay, I'm gonna play with the puppies again." She squirms in Will's arms until he puts her down, she runs back over to her toys and the dogs and starts playing again like she hadn't

even stopped.

"I'll come and check on you in a little bit, Grif." Will rubs Gryphon's back for a moment.

"I'm still pissed at you, but take care of our baby, please."

"I apologize for upsetting you. I will always take care of our children and you, mylimasis."

"Go, take him to bed, I'll bring some soup up for him in a little while."

Hannibal nods before leaving the room, before he can walk up the steps Gryphon speaks, "Daddy, can I have some juice?"

"Of course, let's go get you some." He takes Gryphon into the kitchen, he moves to set him down when Gryphon whines. "Do you want daddy to keep holding you?"

Gryphon nods.

"Okay, kūdikis, hold on tight." Neither of the twins have needed to use sippy cups in over a year, but by putting the juice into the sippy cup they can bring it upstairs with them. "Apple, white grape or pear?"

"Grape."

Hannibal grabs the bottle of children's white grape juice--less sugar and slightly diluted--from the fridge and pours it into the bright green sippy cup. He puts the bottle away and hands the cup to Gryphon, he takes a few small drinks as they ascend the stairs and head back to the master bedroom.

He lays Gryphon down on the bed, "I will be right back, kūdikis, I'm just going to use the bathroom. Set your cup on the table next to the bed if you don't need another drink right now."

"Okay, daddy." Gryphon rubs his cheek on Hannibal's pillow and pulls the blanket up around him--the sight reminds him so much of Will.

When he's done in the bathroom he finds Gryphon still awake, staring wide-eyed at the bathroom door. "Gryphon, are you okay?"

He doesn't answer the question, instead he has one of his own, "Daddy, are you and mama fighting?"

"Why do you ask, kūdikis?"

"Mama was mad."

"Not at you though, kūdikis."

"Mama's mad at you?"

"A little bit, but it's okay, it's nothing for you to worry about." Hannibal lifts the blanket and climbs into the bed next to Gryphon. His head finds it's spot on Hannibal's chest, his fingers grab at and bunch together the fabric of Hannibal's shirt.

"Don't fight, daddy."

"I'm trying not too, Gryphon. Go to sleep now, kūdikis, rest and daddy will be right here."

Gryphon's breathing soon evens out, it sounds soft as he exhales--he's asleep.

Hannibal can't help but wonder how Gryphon could've possibly known that Will was mad or that they were fighting, perhaps he heard them arguing? But Gryphon had been in bed last night and all the rest of their arguing had been done telepathically specifically so the children didn't hear it.

--

Shortly after noon Will brings in some chicken soup for Gryphon--on the same serving tray Hannibal had once brought Will steak on before his heat.

"Is he doing okay?"

"He has not vomited and he's drunk almost an entire sippy cup full of white grape juice. I can no longer smell a fever on him."

"Wake him up so he can eat some soup, I don't like that he hasn't eaten anything yet."

"In a moment--I know you are still angry but I'd like to discuss something with you before waking him."

"Okay, what?"

"Gryphon asked me if we were fighting, he said you are mad."

"And what did you tell him?"

"That you are not mad at him and that he needn't worry."

"How could he possibly know?"

"Perhaps he is an empath like you are, or perhaps it is a chimera ability."

"He's not an empath and he is not manifesting chimera abilities."

"Well there is certainly something going on with him that led to him questioning me, either he could feel your anger and my distress at trying desperately to figure out how to fix this rift between us, or perhaps he has telepathic abilities as well."

"But he can't be manifesting this early and if he has empathy like I do, I feel sorry for him. Being able to read people the way I do is a constant struggle, he's just a baby, he won't be able to handle it."

"We will help him."

"How can I help him when he clings to you and I can't trust you right now."

"You can't trust me? You are the one who went behind my back and murdered a federal agent."

"I went to the basement earlier, saw you already butchered her and disposed of the body, you didn't trust me to do it, but at least now you won't have to worry about me doing it, since I apparently am too stupid."

"I never said you were stupid, I would never. You are a brilliant man, a kind and loving mama and you are my husband, I am incredibly sorry for upsetting you and making you think that I doubt your intelligence or abilities. But, my love, you act impulsively and while that's not always a bad thing and I want you to follow your instincts, but I

always *need* you to think before you act in a situation like this. I would never try to stop you from following your predatory nature, I would never deny you."

"I'm not stupid though, I know that I don't always think about things before I do them, but I was careful with this, I was only trying to protect our family, I know you were trying to handle her--trying to manipulate her the other way, and I don't doubt you, but Hannibal, she was here the other day while you were at work."

"Agent Starling was in our home and you didn't think to tell me? If she was here why did I not smell her when I arrived home?"

"I don't know why you couldn't smell her, I couldn't either, maybe she was using beta spray to hide her scent, I don't know. But she was here because she uh, fuck, I should've told you but I wanted to handle it myself, just because I am the omega doesn't mean I can't protect our family. She told me that you're not a good person and that she thought would harm me or our children. When I asked why she thought that she told me that she couldn't say that it was part of her investigation."

"I've seen all the files they have on The Ripper, not one single document mentioned me or our family."

"She never said it was part of the Ripper investigation, what if she was investigating you for something else? She had to go, Hannibal. She was getting too close."

"What could they possibly have been investigating me for if not the Ripper kills? I've never even gotten a parking ticket, I *am careful* with abiding by the rest of the laws."

*"I don't fucking know, Hannibal. But I was afraid, I don't want our family to be split up--I can't lose you. I told you before Mason died that my chimera instincts will drive me to do **anything** to protect you. You made it seem like I was dumb enough to murder her in the middle of the behavioural science unit, I would never do something like that. Hannibal, you taught me how to be a careful, artful murderer."*

Gryphon stirs on Hannibal's chest, but does not wake.

"As I've told you, my love, I deeply regret making you feel that way. I never meant to hurt or offend you."

"I'm so scared, I know doing what we do is dangerous and puts us at risk every day, but you've taught me the right way to do things, and I don't think I could go back now--to a life without ***meat*** *, I adore your cooking and I like the thrill of hunting and butchering with you. But if it's going to cause us to fight maybe I should stop, hunting I mean."*

Hannibal extends his hand to Will, reaching carefully so as to not wake Gryphon. **"Come to me, mano mylimasis."**

Will steps closer, places his hand in Hannibal's. *"I was only doing what I thought was right."*

"I know, and I understand that. I apologize for our argument, I love you, Will. But I will not allow you to stop hunting. You are fierce and gorgeous when you hunt--I would not see you stop, I would however see you come to me when you want to hunt, I would have us hunt together, always."

Will's expression softens. *"You still want to hunt with me? You trust me to make the right choices?"*

"Absolutely, Will, I trust you with the life of my children and I trust you to end the lives of our prey."

Will leans down brushing his lips against Hannibal's--it's hardly a kiss but it's more than Hannibal had hoped he would get from Will for a while. *"I love you."*

"Aš tave myliu." Will cannot claim he doesn't know what Hannibal is saying this time, Hannibal has said it often enough.

He smiles at Hannibal.

"Where is Antonella?"

"Taking her afternoon nap, I fed her then put her down so I could make soup for Grif."

"Such a thoughtful mama. You didn't happen to make enough for daddy to eat as well? I am famished."

"No, I didn't. I was still angry at daddy, but I could be persuaded to go warm something for him."

"I'll wake Gryphon and feed him his soup while you fetch me something, and then afterwards we can bring Antonella in and we can all engage in some cuddles to help Gryphon feel better."

"Sounds like a nice plan. Anything specific you'd like me to get you?"

"Anything you'd like."

Will smiles and nods, he runs the backs of his fingers down Gryphon's cheek before leaving.

"Kūdikis, wake up. It's time to eat some lunch."

Gryphon sniffles, eyes opening slowly. "Don't wanna eat, daddy."

"It's chicken soup that mama made for you, let's sit up and have a few bites."

"Don't wanna, daddy."

"Gryphon, please."

He whines and hides his face in Hannibal's shirt.

"Does your tummy still hurt that badly?"

"No."

"Then why don't you want to eat, kūdikis? We can't have you starving."

"Don't want yucky soup."

"It's not yucky, mama made it for you."

"It's yucky."

"Gryphon, enough. You need to eat at least a few bites."

"Don't wanna."

"Gryphon Olivier, you will eat some of the soup mama made, and then after you eat mama and Tony will come and cuddle with us."

"No."

"Gryphon." Hannibal is almost tempted to try to use his voice on Gryphon, but decides against it--it likely wouldn't work because of him being chimera, additionally alpha voices only work on omegas *after* they have presented, he doesn't even know for sure yet if Gryphon *will* present as omega.

"Daddy, no." Gryphon drags out the "o" sound.

"Kūdikis, please, you need to eat, even if it's only a few bites. It will help your belly feel better."

Gryphon sniffles and breathes rapidly.

"No, Gryphon, don't cry, it's okay."

He whimpers and tears stream down his face.

Hannibal wraps his arms around Gryphon, "Kūdikis, it's okay, shh, don't cry." He rubs Gryphon's back, trying to calm him.

Gryphon's nose finds Hannibal's neck breathing in his daddy's scent, Hannibal can feel warm tears against his skin.

"Tell daddy what's wrong, and why you don't want to eat?"

"Don't wanna throw up again."

"Kūdikis, you have to eat. Just a few bites and if your tummy starts hurting again you don't have to eat any more. Can you try for daddy?"

"Only couple bites?"

"Only a couple bites."

Gryphon turns in Hannibal's lap, "Help me daddy."

Hannibal picks the bowl up from the tray and holds it in his hands in front of Gryphon. The boy picks up the spoon and brings it to his mouth, slurping the broth.

Will re-enters the room as Gryphon brings the spoon to his mouth for the second time. He sets a plate down on the nightstand--leftover roast and potatoes from dinner last night.

"Mama." Gryphon says when he sees Will, mouth full of small pieces of chicken, some veggies and noodles.

"Grif, hi, baby." Will and Hannibal speak at the same time. "Don't speak with your mouth full, kūdikis."

"Sorry, daddy."

"It's alright, eat your soup."

"Grif, can mama help you so daddy can eat too?"

"No."

"Gryphon, enough, be nice to mama." Hannibal scolds.

"I'm sorry, daddy." Gryphon takes another bite of soup as he apologizes.

"What is wrong with him? It almost seems like he doesn't love me anymore."

"I don't know, mylimasis. I don't know why he's acting out towards you."

Gryphon takes three more bites then, "I'm full, daddy."

"Good job, kūdikis. Now, can daddy eat too?"

Gryphon nods, "But, I have to pee."

"I can take you, Grif."

He shakes his head, "Daddy."

"Gryphon, mama can take you to the bathroom."

"I can wait, daddy."

"No, you will go now, with mama."

"But, daddy, I don't wanna go with mama."

"He hates me." Will's mental tone is full of anguish, and he looks like he is going to cry.

"He doesn't hate you, my love, he's just a baby."

"Mama, daddy?" Their conversations are cut short by Antonella.

"Hey, baby girl, you have a good nap?"

"Yes. Hi, daddy, hi, Griffy." She climbs up onto the bed.

"Daddy, potty."

"Go with mama."

Gryphon's lip sticks out--trembling, "Don't make me l-l-leave you."

"You can come right back and see daddy."

"I don't want daddy to leave."

"Kūdikis, I'm not leaving, I'm not going anywhere."

"Griffy, don't cry." Antonella tries to hug her little brother.

He pushes her, "No."

Will stays standing next to the bed, Hannibal can see the tears in his eyes.

"Why do you think I'm going somewhere?"

"Mama said someone was coming to take you."

"I never,"

"You thought it though?"

"Yes, I guess so, after Starling was here the other day."

"I promise you, kūdikis, no one is coming to take me anywhere and I am not leaving you or Tony or mama."

"If he's hearing your thoughts it has to be a chimera ability."

Gryphon's arms wrap tightly around Hannibal's neck, nose pressed against his scent gland, snuffling and still crying.

Hannibal rubs at his back, and stands, he carries Gryphon into the bathroom. "Kūdikis, I promise you, I am not leaving you." He sets Gryphon down.

He pulls his pants and pull-up down with minimal help from Hannibal and goes pee. When Hannibal goes to pull his pants and pull-up back up, he notices the pull-up is wet, "Gryphon, did you have an accident?"

"I didn't mean to."

"It's alright, let's get you a dry one." He'd rather keep Gryphon in a pull-up while he's sick than have to change his underwear and pants a thousand times a day. He helps his son change and they both wash their hands but before they leave the bathroom Hannibal has to ask, "Gryphon, kūdikis, why did you throw up this morning?"

"My tummy hurt."

"Were you scared?"

He nods, "I waked up and my tummy hurt and I throwed up and I couldn't find mama but you were here and I thought they took mama and not you."

"No one is going to take mama or me from you and Tony, okay? We're not going anywhere. I love you, kūdikis."

"Love you too, daddy." He scoops Gryphon up into his arms, hugging him.

"Now let's go give mama and Tony hugs too." He carries Gryphon back into the bedroom.

"I'm sorry, mama." Gryphon reaches out for Will to take him.

"It's alright, Grif. Mama loves you."

"Love you too, mama."

"I want hugs too." Antonella pouts.

Hannibal sits down on the bed next to her and pulls her into his arms. She giggles, "I meant from Griffy, daddy."

Hannibal nuzzles at her hair briefly before releasing her to lunge at Will and Gryphon. Will pulls Antonella into his arms with Gryphon, hugging them tightly. Hannibal smiles, seeing his husband--his mate, his omega--pregnant with his child and embracing their children.

Will sits against the headboard, twins still in his arms, "You feeling any better, baby?"

"My throat still hurts but daddy made my tummy feel better."

Will smiles over at Hannibal, he smiles back and sits on his side of the bed, back against the headboard, and picks up the plate Will had brought up for him, the food has gone tepid but he eats anyway-- it's nearly one in the afternoon and he hasn't eaten since dinner the night before around seven. Gryphon climbs out of Will's arms and settles himself between them, laying against Hannibal's arm, feet pressed against Will's thigh--touching both parents.

Antonella lays her head against Will's collarbone, "Mama?"

"What, sweetie?"

"Can we have Winston cuddle too?"

"Not this time, baby, you know daddy doesn't like the doggies in the bed."

"After I've finished eating, I'll go fetch Winston and the others and they can come and cuddle too."

"Who are you and what have you done with Hannibal?"

"I know it will make her happy, and you."

"Can I come with you, daddy?"

"Of course, kūdikis."

Hannibal finishes his meal quickly, " Do you still want to come with me, Gryphon?"

"Yes, please."

Hannibal nods, picks up Gryphon in one arm, settling him on his hip with tiny arms wrapped around his neck, and picks up the serving tray with the still mostly full bowl of soup and his own empty plate on it. "Wait, daddy."

"What's wrong?"

"Can I get more juice?"

"Sure. Grab your cup." Gryphon leans forward and picks his cup up off of the nightstand.

"Can I have juice too, daddy?"

"What kind, mielasis?"

"What kind does Griffy have?"

"White grape." Hannibal and Gryphon answer at the same time. "Grape."

"Ick, I want apple juice."

"You're gross, Tony."

"You're gross, Griffy."

"Nuh-uh, daddy, tell her I'm not gross."

"Neither of you are gross, you don't have to like the same juice. Mama and I don't like all of the same foods."

"But daddy, you and mama are old."

"Antonella, your daddy and I are not old."

She huffs, "Fine, but grape juice is still icky."

Hannibal laughs, "We'll be right back with the doggies and juice."

--

Hannibal is just finishing up his last appointment of the day when his office phone begins to ring.

"Dr. Lecter's office, how may I help you?"

"Dr. Lecter, it's Jack Crawford, I was hoping to catch you before you left."

"I was just about to head home."

"I was calling to see if you could stop by the BSU, there's something I would like you to take a look at."

"I promised Will and the kids I would take them out for dinner tonight."

"Dr. Lecter, it won't take long."

"I suppose I can spare a few minutes."

"I look forward to your input."

--

"Mama, where's daddy?"

"He'll be home soon, Tony."

"I'm hungry, mama."

"As soon as daddy gets home we'll be leaving to go eat." He leaves the twins in the living room to play with the puppies.

He calls Hannibal's office for the fourth time in the last half hour--no answer, again. He dials Hannibal's cell phone, straight to voicemail.

"Hannibal, you son of a bitch, where are you?" Their telepathic communication doesn't work over such a large distance, but he keeps trying.

"Mama, I want daddy."

"I know, Grif, I know."

"Mama, I'm hungry."

"I know, I know, uh, daddy got stuck at work, let's go make you something quick, c'mon." He takes both their hands and leads them to the kitchen. They still have high chairs in the kitchen--booster seats in the dining room. He puts the both in their high chairs, gets them each a cup of milk and some cut up fruit from lunchtime--they can snack a little bit while he cooks.

"Hannibal, I don't know where the fuck you are, but you better get the fuck home or call me soon. I'm worried."

"You fucking asshole, please come home."

He feeds the twins and then puts them to bed around nine, they both ask over and over where's daddy, and Will doesn't know what to say, doesn't know how to tell them he doesn't know where daddy is, doesn't know if daddy is okay.

The baby in his belly can feel how stressed and worried he is, they kick and kick away at him--he wants Hannibal home to feel it too.

"I know, baby, I want daddy to come home too." He rubs his belly, trying Hannibal's office phone again--he didn't expect an answer, but he has to keep trying.

Chapter End Notes

Translations (Chapter 1) : "Atsiprašau, mano meilė. Aš nenoriu tavęs įskaudinti." - "Sorry, my love. I don’t want to hurt you."
"Kūdikis" - "Baby"
"Mielasis" - "Darling"
"Mano mylimasis" - "My lover"

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Translations at the end of the chapter.
> Enjoy 😌

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"You cannot keep me here, Jack."

"I'll keep you here as long as I'd like."

"Jack, you've yet to tell me why you are detaining me, nor have you allowed me my required phone call."

"You'll get a phone call when I'm ready for you to have one."

"That's unprofessional, Jack."

"They're searching your office now."

"And what pray tell are you hoping to find there?"

"Evidence."

"Evidence of what?"

"Agent Starling disappeared three weeks ago, she was last at your office, engaging in one of your *conversations* ."

"Yes, we discussed many things and then she left, I too left after we were done speaking. You may ask Will, I was home with him within twenty minutes of Agent Starling leaving my office."

"Where were your children at the time?"

"At home with their mother, are you suggesting Will had something to do with Agent Starling going missing?"

"No, but if the children were not at home at the time, as I know they were not, then it's possible Will could be lying for you."

"How could you possibly know where my children were?"

"There's been an undercover officer following your movements for weeks now."

That could be very problematic for them.

"You've been surveilling my family?"

"Agent Starling had some concerns about your family, so yes."

"Then tell me, Jack, where were my children that night?"

"With Alana Bloom, Margot Verger and their son Morgan."

"So now the children seeing their godmother's is a crime?"

"Seeing them? No, that is not a crime. Leaving the children in someone else's care while you and your spouse follow and kill someone is."

"Kill? I thought you said Agent Starling was missing?"

"There's no doubt in my mind that she is dead."

"My condolences, Jack, but I assure you neither myself nor my family had anything to do with it."

"We'll see about that." Jack leaves the room, he's likely standing behind the two way glass right now, watching Hannibal for any signs of distress or anxiety.

He will not show anything though, he knows how to keep his outward appearance neutral--another of his person suits.

--

"You're free to go. But we'll be watching you, I **will** catch you."

"You may try, Jack, but there is nothing to catch me for."

It's nearly four in the morning by the time Jack releases him from custody--he'd never gotten his phone call, and all night there's been a nagging sensation in his head, he can only assume Will has been trying to telepathically communicate to him.

He climbs into the Bentley and drives home, not bothering to turn his cell phone on and call Will--he hopes Will is resting, and does not want to risk waking him by calling.

All lights are off in the house when he enters, he pauses for a moment--listening--he can hear the steady, sleepy breathing of the twins, and the frantic tossing and turning of Will in their bed.

"Please, alpha, please come home to us." The terror and sorrow in Will's mental tone almost knocks Hannibal down the stairs.

He doesn't respond to Will though, instead continues up the steps seeking him out. A non-distracted Will would've heard when Hannibal entered their home, his distress a distraction.

The bedroom door is open, he can see Will illuminated by the soft light of dawn that is beginning to peek through the curtains, he's facing away from the door and Hannibal notes his pillow is not in it's normal space--Will appears to be clutching it to his chest.

He steps into the room--he'd mastered the art of silently creeping up on someone years and years ago.

"Settle, mylimasis." His voice is deep and soft and Will startles but isn't truly frightened.

He lunges for Hannibal, arms wrapped around him, nose at his throat. "Where were you?"

"I apologize for missing dinner and worrying you." Hannibal's arms wrap around Will, holding him close--relishing the warmth of his skin and the swell of his belly between them.

"Where were you?" He asks again.

Hannibal does not want to cause Will more stress, does not want to make this into an 'I told you so' moment, but he did warn Will of this, "Detained by Jack Crawford."

"What? Why didn't you call me? What happened?"

"It's alright, they found nothing."

"What do you mean found nothing? Where did they look?"

"My office, but you and I both know there is nothing there for them to find."

"What was he looking for?"

"Agent Starling."

"No."

Hannibal nods, "I'm afraid so. But they have already found nothing and will continue to find nothing."

"Why didn't you call me? Did you use your phone call on a lawyer instead?"

"I did not, I wasn't given a phone call."

"Isn't that illegal?"

"I didn't feel like pressing the issue. I sat at a table in an interrogation room for hours being watched and questioned briefly."

"I was so worried something had happened to you, I never expected it to be this."

"I'll handle it, my love. Though I think for now, we must be very cautious."

"We have more than enough in our freezers, we have no reason to go out."

"Precisely. Now if you don't mind, I'd like to lie down and try to get a small amount of sleep before I have to get back up--no appointments today, but I'd like to deep clean just in case."

"Come, lie down with me." Will pulls Hannibal down onto the bed with him--not caring that he is still wearing his suit. He pulls Hannibal's head onto his chest--a familiar position reversed.

Hannibal knows the twins will be up in just a few hours and that Will will get up with them--carefully trying not to wake Hannibal as he slides away--but for now Hannibal places his hand on Will's belly--feeling their child inside--and rests, weary and exhausted and not looking forward to the game he has just truly begun with Jack Crawford. Hannibal is an excellent hunter and the thrill he gets from hunting with Will and providing for their family is something he never wants to lose, yet he's willing to give it all up to protect his family and beat Jack.

--

"Daddy?"

"What is it, mielasis?"

"Why is mama having another baby, does he not love me and Griffy anymore?"

"Mama loves you both very much, Antonella. Just because he is having another baby does not mean he will love you any less, nor will I. Just like we don't love your older brother,

Sébastien, any less since we had you and Gryphon. Mama and I have very big hearts, and more than enough love for all of you."

"But, Sébastien isn't here, you don't have to love him all the time. The new baby will be here and you'll give them love and not me."

"Mielasis," Hannibal picks his daughter up, hugging her tight, "No one will ever take away the love mama and I have for you and Gryphon, the new baby will not take away the kisses and cuddles, nor your bedtime stories or early morning snuggles in mama and daddy's bed--you share those things with Gryphon and soon you'll share them with the baby, but they will not end, never will they end my sweet girl."

Antonella sniffs at Hannibal's neck--she rarely scents either of them. "I don't want the new baby though."

"I'm sorry you feel that way, but the baby is going to come whether you want them too or not."

"Can't you just leave them at the hos'ital?"

"No, Tony, we cannot leave them at the hospital."

She pouts, sticking her bottom lip out, "But daddy,"

"Enough, mielasis."

She nods understanding Hannibal is not going to give in and sighs, "Can I go play with Griffy now?"

"Of course." Hannibal kisses her cheek and sets her down, she runs off to find her little brother.

She may not want a new sibling now, but once the baby is here, Hannibal has no doubt she will change her mind--though it may take a little while for her to warm to them.

--

"Have you heard anything else from Jack?"

"No, not since he released me. He informed me that he would be watching me--us and that he had been doing so for weeks now."

"You don't suppose he saw me kidnap her, do you?"

"No, of course not. If he had, you would've been in one of the interrogation rooms too."

"Maybe we should leave."

"Leave? And where would you like to go, my love?"

"I don't know, maybe we go to Italy, France, Lithuania, anywhere but here."

"While I would love to take you and our children to all of those places, leaving now would make us look guilty."

"I know, I know, I'm afraid though. We have children to think about now, and I love hunting with you and everything that comes after, but Hannibal I can't lose you or our children."

Hannibal nods, "Then we stop, at least until Agent Crawford finds something new to focus on."

"I love you, you know that, right?"

"Absolutely, mylimasis, and I love you, and our children and even the insufferable dogs."

Will pulls Hannibal into a hug, "Make love to me, please." The words are whispered against Hannibal's throat--Will's breath warm and wet against his skin, Will presses open mouthed kisses along the column of Hannibal's throat, purring softly.

Hannibal rubs Will's back--small circular motions--soothing, "Nori, kad tave paliesčiau? Nori, kad aš tave pabučiuočiau? Nori, kad aš tave mylėčiau?"

"I don't know what the fuck you're saying, but you sound so sexy when you speak Lithuanian." Will grinds his hardening cock against Hannibal's hip.

"Ar aš darau tave šlapią, mano meile?" Hannibal can smell Will's slick, but if speaking Lithuanian arouses Will then he'll say anything and everything to him.

"Mmm, Hannibal, please."

"Prašau ką? Kur tu nori, kad tave paliesčiau?"

Will takes Hannibal's hand into his own and slides it into his pajama pants, "Touch me."

Hannibal smirks, nuzzles at Will's neck, fingers wrap around Will's cock. "Man taip sunku."

He rocks his hips forward, fucking into Hannibal's fist. He's purring again, and whining low in his throat.

"Ar nori, kad aš tavęs viduje?"

Will's hand slides up under Hannibal's shirt, fingers tangling in his chest hair, "Mmm, daddy, please, I want you now."

"Patience, mylimasis." Hannibal's thumb swipes across the dripping head of his cock, his lips press against Will's, licking into his mouth--tasting him.

Will pulls back, "Hannibal, we haven't had sex in weeks, I'm a bit impatient."

"I know, my love, things have been difficult recently--but I fully intend to make it up to you." He bites at Will's bottom lip, fangs sinking into the soft flesh.

Will whines as Hannibal releases his cock and pulls his hand free.

"Be a good boy for me, undress yourself and then get into bed, wait for me." Hannibal doesn't use his voice on Will, but he obeys as if it was an alpha command--his heart rate jumps and the scent of slick and arousal becomes more intense. Will is naked and beneath the blankets in less than a minute--Hannibal is impressed.

He slowly takes his own clothes off, he hadn't changed after returning from work, he takes his jacket off first, then removed the vest, followed by his tie, he unbuttons his shirt--slowly starting with the cuffs then moving onto the rest, enjoying the whines and whimpers coming from Will--he picks up the discarded clothing and moves to put them on top of the dresser.

"Daddy, please, stop teasing me."

"Not teasing, my love, simply making you wait."

"No, you're teasing me by showing and not letting me touch."

"In time you may touch me, for now you watch and wait." He unbuckles his belt as he speaks, he pulls it from the belt loops and places it on the dresser as well.

Will doesn't speak, eyes focused on Hannibal--fliting back and forth, looking at his face then his bare chest, his strong arms, the bulge of his cock in his suit pants.

Hannibal however notices the subtle movements beneath the blankets--the upward spike of Will's pulse and the sound of slick flesh being touched. "Mylimasis, I told you to be a good boy and have patience."

"I am being good, I'm waiting for you."

"Do not lie to me, I know your fingers are wrapped around your cock, and I know you want them to be mine."

"I'm sorry."

Hannibal shakes his head, popping the button and loading the zipper of his pants, "No, never apologize for bringing yourself pleasure. Though, I would rather you wait for me to bring it to you."

Will moans, and though Hannibal cannot *see* what is happening under the blanket, the noises are enough for him to imagine.

He pulls his pants and boxer briefs down in one swift motion, they join the rest of his clothes on the dresser, his socks come off last but stay on the floor, with the pile of Will's shed clothing.

Hannibal's cock is hard, flushed dark and wet at the top, it juts out from his body and Will's free hand reaches out--trying to touch, but Hannibal is too far away yet. He pulls the blanket back to reveal Will's naked form, "Beautiful." His voice is deep as he speaks.

"Please, let me touch you."

He climbs onto the bed with Will, pushes him gently back against the pillows and headboard, "I would touch you first." Soft, wet kisses trail down the side of Will's neck, across his chest, down over the curve of his belly, but stop there. He places both hands on Will's stomach, palms pressed flat, fingers spread wide, pressing in and rubbing gently with his fingertips.

"Mmm, daddy."

Hannibal kisses his belly again, nuzzles his cheek against his soft, warm skin. "Beautiful." He says again.

Will's fingers tangle in his hair, not pulling just touching--and perhaps trying to guide Hannibal lower.

"I'm not beautiful, I'm fat and have stretch marks."

"You are the most beautiful creature I've ever seen, you've carried our children inside your belly--nurtured them, helped them grow--and now you carry our next child within you. Your stomach becomes more round every day to allow room for them to grow. You are exquisite."

"Stop, flattery will get you everywhere with me."

"Why ever would I stop then?"

"Hannibal, please." Will's voice is high pitched--whiny and breathless at the same time.

"Be a good boy and tell me what you want."

"I want you inside me, I want to feel you."

Hannibal cannot resist, one hand slides from Will's belly, down over his thighs and finds the wetness between them, he slides one finger inside of Will, "Do you *feel* me now, mylimasis?"

Will whines, clenching around Hannibal's finger, "Want your cock, daddy, please, gimme your cock."

"I told you to have patience and be a good boy for me, yet you're incredibly impatient right now. Trying to rush me and tell me what to do--how to touch you--how to pleasure you. Will, I know all the ways to make you drip and tremble and beg. Be a good boy, and trust me."

He whimpers and rocks his hips down, trying to fuck himself on Hannibal's finger.

Hannibal easily slides a second finger inside of Will--he's soaked in slick. He pumps his fingers in and out of Will, causing him to moan and whine--a constant purr underneath it all.

"Ah, daddy, please, I *need* you."

"And you will have me, when I say so." He doesn't stop the motions of his fingers, he does however slide his other hand back up over Will's belly to his chest, he gently caresses the soft mound of Will's breast, thumb finding his nipple--he hasn't breastfed the twins in about a year but the extra sensitivity never left after he'd stopped, Hannibal takes advantage of that fact any chance he gets, but now that Will is pregnant again the sensitivity seems even stronger.

Will shivers, clenches around Hannibal's fingers and he covers Hannibal's hand on his breast, "Gonna come if you keep touching me here, don't wanna come until you're inside me, please."

Hannibal thrusts a third finger inside Will, lightly pinching at his nipple, "You want me to stop?"

"No, no, I want you to fuck me."

He thrusts his fingers in and out of Will faster and with more force. "Perhaps I should stop, since you are so insistent on rushing me. I told you to be a good boy and trust me to bring you the pleasure you so desire."

"Ah, Hannibal, please, mmm, please, daddy." Will's fingers tangle in Hannibal's hair, yanking him downward so Will can kiss him--it's sloppy, wet and full of teeth. He bites at Hannibal's lips--sharp fangs pierce his flesh--and licks at each and every tooth in Hannibal's mouth.

"Please, Hannibal, stop teasing me."

"You beg so prettily though, mylimasis."

Hannibal growls and Will whines, his fingers sliding between their body's to wrap around his own hardened cock.

"I'll just touch myself, if you won't."

"Am I not touching you, my love?

"Not where I want you too, please, daddy."

"Mylimasis, I can smell your slick, can feel it on my skin, you're aroused because of me. I can hear your heart racing for me. I can infer that you *do* like where I'm touching you, even if it is not where you want me to touch."

Will's hips push up towards Hannibal, cock grinding against his hip, urging Hannibal's fingers deeper. *"Please, please, stop teasing me, daddy."*

Hannibal's fangs find Will's neck, biting into the healed bonded mark there, he's careful not to hurt Will, only biting deep enough for a few pinpricks of blood to bubble up and leak out onto his waiting tongue. His fingers curl within Will, rubbing at his smooth inner walls. **"Are you sure you do not wish me to continue this? I could mimic a knot for you and then release myself on your tongue, I know how much you like that."**

"Fuck, no, no, I don't want that, I want you inside me, I want your to come inside of me, I want it to leak back out and you to lap it up."

"Oh, that sounds like an excellent idea, not something I get to indulge in often."

"Yes, so please, get your cock inside me."

Hannibal laughs lightly, nips at Will's neck, and slides his fingers out of Will, "Is there any certain position that would be more comfortable for you, mylimasis?"

Will doesn't reply, wraps his legs around Hannibal, pulling him closer--guiding him.

Hannibal pushes inside, Will is tight and so slick around him.

"Ah, fuck." Will pushes his hips up, trying to get Hannibal to move. When Hannibal does not increase the torturously slow pace he has set, Will pushes him off, down onto his back and climbs on top of him, sinking back down onto his cock in one swift movement.

Hannibal grips his hips, trying to slow and steady him.

Will's hips rock back and forth, he bounces up and down as quickly as his belly will allow. "Don't." He growls when Hannibal tries to hold him still. "You wouldn't fuck me the way I wanted--the way I *needed* ."

"My love, please, I do not want you to hurt yourself."

Will moans and whines, not letting Hannibal stop him, "Not gonna hurt myself. Fuck, you feel so good inside me."

Hannibal pushes himself up so he is sitting, with Will in his lap, legs wrapped around him, "If you insist, mylimasis." He helps Will lift himself up. His round belly presses against the small, soft pouch of Hannibal's abdomen--he's let himself become a tad lax in his exercise and he often indulges in sweets and snacks with the twins, he is determined to lose the few extra pounds, but Will seems to like the softness so for now it remains, despite the annoyance Hannibal will do anything to please his omega.

His pussy tightens around Hannibal's cock, and his cock twitches and drips trapped between them, "I'm gonna come, can I come, daddy? Please." Will whines--high pitched, full of his omega voice.

Hannibal thrusts up as best as he can, bouncing Will faster on his cock, with the omega whine in Will's voice Hannibal cannot deny him, he can however *tease* first, "Have you been a good boy for daddy? Do you deserve to come?"

Sharp nails bite into Hannibal's shoulders, trailing down his back, leaving raised, stinging red marks--it doesn't feel like any are bleeding but they could be. "Please, daddy, I'm good for you, so good." Will whines.

He nuzzles at Will's neck--licking and nipping, sucking small bruises into his skin. **"Are you sure you've been a good boy? I seem to recall you being very impatient, my love."**

"I'm sorry, daddy, please, let me come, please *alpha* ."

"Can you come without touching your cock?"

"Mmm, I can try, just don't stop." Will's nails dig into Hannibal's back as he grips on trying to leverage himself as he lifts himself up off of Hannibal's cock, before quickly sinking back down. Hannibal uses all of his strength to thrust up into Will's tight, dripping cunt.

"Be a good boy and come for daddy, come for your alpha, mano meilė . "

Will stills, intermittently clenching around Hannibal's cock, as he climaxes--claws buried into the flesh of Hannibal's upper back, whining high pitched against Hannibal's throat.

Hannibal tries to move Will off of him, to let him rest, Will doesn't allow it, "I said don't stop." He rocks his hips, "I want you to knot me. Please, alpha, please." He begs.

He lays Will back against the pillows, cock never leaving him, he fucks into Will--slow and deep.

Will purrs and whines--urging Hannibal on--trying to entice his alpha to knot him.

Hannibal does not need to be enticed, his knot is already beginning to swell.

"Please, daddy, wanna feel your cum inside me." He hasn't forgotten what Will had said--he wants Hannibal to lick their shared release from within him, and Hannibal intends to do so.

He grunts, breathing harshly as his knot fills and locks them together, thick spurts of cum release inside of Will--his purring seems impossibly louder and more intense.

Once his knot has softened enough for him to pull out he does, quickly sliding down on the bed to settle between Will's legs, tongue darting out to lick at the slick and cum slowly oozing out of Will.

"Oh, fuck."

"You said you wanted me to lap it up." His tongue slides inside of Will, scooping the fluids up on his tongue, swallowing them down, savoring the flavor of Will's slick mixed with their cum.

"Ah, Hannibal." Will's thighs tremble around him.

Once Hannibal feels he's sufficiently cleaned Will--fresh trickles of slick are beginning and his cock twitches in a lazy attempt to get hard again--Hannibal moves back up, covering Will with his body letting him feel the weight and heat of Hannibal above him--a comforting thing an alpha does for their omega to help them feel safe and protected--he kisses Will, allowing him to taste their release on his tongue.

A short while later, Will falls asleep with his head on Hannibal's chest, still purring softly. Hannibal's hand resting on the curve of Will's belly.

--

A few days later, early in the morning they wake the twins a little earlier than normal, feed them breakfast--Hannibal apologizes to Will many times as they eat since Will cannot--get them dressed and go to Dr. Whalen's office for Will's twenty six week checkup.

Dr. Whalen's office has a daycare of sorts for parents to leave their children at while in their appointments--Will had been hesitant at first but quickly saw how kind the two young betas that worked there were and how much fun the twins had with them and occasionally other children that any doubts he had were quickly erased.

The nurse calls them back, "I'm sure you remember this from your last pregnancy." She holds up a small bottle of orange liquid. "I need to check your blood sugar level now, and then in an hour after you drink this, I'll check it again."

Will hated this last time, the orange drink was thick and syrupy and so incredibly sweet. Will liked sweets well enough, but this one drink made him want to swear off of all sugar forever.

The nurse does the finger prick and checks his sugar level, "One hundred and ten." Hannibal watches as Will's face pales every so slightly.

"It's alright, it's not elevated by much."

*"But it's not the normal level.. with the twins it was almost **low** ."*

The nurse hands Will the bottle and instructs him to drink it and wait for the doctor.

He gags halfway through, "It's so fucking gross."

"I know, I apologize you have to go through this."

"Not your fault." Will chugs the remainder of the liquid.

A few minutes later, "Ugh, it's making me feel sick." Will reaches for Hannibal.

He gets up from the chair and moves to stand next to Will, allowing him to touch and scent Hannibal to soothe himself.

"I fucking feel dizzy and nauseous."

"The rapid increase in blood sugar can cause that, I'm sorry, mylimasis."

Will nuzzles against Hannibal's stomach. "I want everything to be okay."

"I cannot guarantee that, but I can guarantee that no matter what the outcome, I will do everything within my power to make sure everything goes as smoothly and as comfortably as possible."

Will pulls Hannibal closer, pressing his face into Hannibal's shirt, "Thank you."

"No need to thank me, mylimasis. You are my husband, my mate, my omega and I will always take care of you and our children."

"I love you."

"And I love you." He rubs upper back and shoulders, gentle circular motions.

"Hannibal, I'm afraid." Will's voice is muffled by Hannibal's shirt.

"I know, my love, but as I've said no matter the outcome of this test, I will do everything I can to make sure nothing happens to your or our unborn child."

"I know, I just feel like if the test comes back that I have it then I've done something *wrong* ."

"No, Will, you haven't done anything wrong."

"I feel like I'm failing our baby."

"Will, look at me please."

Will pulls back slightly, looking up, eyes meeting Hannibal's.

"You have done nothing wrong, you are not failing our child, sometimes gestational diabetes happens. It does not hurt our child while they are in your womb. It can cause them to store excess glucose as fat making them weigh a bit more at birth, or it can cause low blood sugar readings after birth, but a chubby baby is perfectly fine and *if* our child does have low blood sugars after birth, the doctors and nurses are highly skilled and will know how to best get them stabilized. My love, you have nothing to worry about, I know it is scary and can seem like you've done something bad, but you have not and I will be right here with you the whole way through." Hannibal cups Will's jaw, thumb rubbing gently across his cheek. "If you have this, I will help you with the blood sugar checks, I will help you with cooking healthy meals to benefit you and our child. Will, I will do whatever it takes to help you through this."

Will has tears in his eyes, "I know it wasn't my fault what happened t-to Sébastien, but I don't want this baby to end up with him,"

Hannibal interrupts, "Will, no, please, don't think like that, and please don't cry." Hannibal's wipes away the tears that have begun to fall. "You are still young and healthy and so far at every appointment our child has been healthy aswell--a strong heartbeat and growing properly. Gestational diabetes is not a death sentence, please don't think of it as such, it's a complication, yes, but it is common and can be easily managed."

Will turns his head in Hannibal's hand, presses his nose to Hannibal's wrist, breathing in deeply, rubbing his cheek against the scent gland after. "I'm sorry for being so.. emotional."

"You needn't apologize, it's alright, my love. Your emotions tell me that you truly care for our child, and you may not realize it but your empathy is feeding off of my own emotions regarding this situation, I'm not *afraid* , but I am worried for you, for your state of mind, I should say. I don't want you to be frightened, or to think of any potential negative outcomes. I want you to be happy and thinking positively."

"I'm trying, I really am."

"I know, my love, I know. Now, let us think of other things, have you given any thought on names, yet?" Hannibal is trying to distract Will, not only from thinking but from feeling sick, he can tell by the pallor of Will's skin that he's still feeling dizzy and nauseated.

"Not really, no. I mean, I know I was the one who didn't want to find out their gender, but it's made thinking about names very difficult."

"I've given it some thought, though nothing I'd care to mention yet."

"No, you don't get to do that, you have to tell me."

"And I will, once I've given it more thought."

"Please, alpha, tell me." Will smiles, cheekily.

"I've just been thinking if we have another daughter I would like you to consider Vaiva." Hannibal technically is not lying, he had briefly thought about the name, but he's almost certain the child in Will's belly is a boy.

"That's cute, why wouldn't you just tell me that?"

Before Hannibal can respond there is a knock on the door and Dr. Whalen walks in.

"How are you two doing today?"

"Nervous." Will and Hannibal answer at the same time. "Fine."

"Seems like a difference of opinion. Why are you feeling nervous, Will?"

"My blood sugar was elevated, I'm just worried about that."

"Well, you've got about twenty-five more minutes to wait, and then we'll check it again. If it's still elevated, I'll get you scheduled down in the lab within the next few days to have the three hour test done, and then we'll know for sure, but please, try not to worry. Even if the results come back positive, your baby is growing perfectly and as long as you're careful with what you eat, there shouldn't be any complications."

"I know, I just worry after what happened before.."

"Enough of that now, let's measure your belly and then we can listen to the little one's heart, okay?" Pulls on a pair of gloves as she speaks.

Will pulls his shirt up, and she mesures him, "You're measuring about a week ahead, but that's definitely nothing to worry about. It just means that the baby is growing well."

"It means I have it and the baby is storing the glucose as fat, that's what you said happens."

"It can happen, yes, but the baby measuring ahead does not mean that. Relax, mylimasis."

Dr. Whalen then puts a small amount of gel in Will's belly before placing the Doppler to his skin, she moves it around a little until they hear the steady wooshing beat of their baby's heart.

Hannibal and Will both smile.

"Heart sounds good, one hundred forty five BMP."

She finishes up the rest of the appointment, and tells them the nurse will be in soon to check Will's blood sugar again.

A few minutes pass and the nurse knocks before entering.

"Feeling alright?"

"Dizzy and nauseous."

"Well let's check you again." She cleans his fingertip with an alcohol pad then pricks his finger. "One hundred and seventy-three. I'll let Dr. Whalen know, and she will come and discuss the three hour test with you." She leaves the room to find Dr. Whalen.

Will whimpers, "Hannibal."

"It's okay, mylimasis. We'll have the three hour test done and we will adapt and overcome this, we will not let this negatively impact our lives, a slight change in diet and a finger poke a few times a day, it will be alright."

Before Will can counter, Dr. Whalen knocks and re-enters. "So it seems your sugar levels are elevated. That doesn't necessarily mean you have gestational diabetes, but we will know more after the three hour test. I've already spoken to the lab and have you scheduled for tomorrow morning at seven. If you have anyone you can leave the twins with for that time, that would be best, if not my office is always open for you to bring them up."

"We will call Alana and Margot once we leave."

Will nods acknowledging what Hannibal said, but does not reply to him. "What happens during the test?"

"Your blood sugar will be checked when you get here, not a finger poke I'm afraid. Then you'll drink the same glucose drink you had today, and you will have a blood draw every sixty minutes after for three hours. If your glucose level stays above one hundred and fifty or goes above one hundred and ninety then you'll be diagnosed with gestational diabetes. You'll need to fast for a minimum of eight hours before though we prefer twelve. You may have sips of water prior but nothing more."

"Do we need to schedule an appointment with you as well?"

"Not for tomorrow, no. I will want you to schedule an appointment for twenty-eight week though instead of waiting until the thirty week appointment."

Will falls silent, so Hannibal speaks for them, "Thank you, Dr. Whalen, we'll see you in a couple weeks."

She nods and smiles and wishes them well before leaving them alone.

Hannibal helps Will up, straightening his clothes out, he takes Will's hand into his own and they go out to reception to schedule the twenty-eight week appointment.

They stop and pick up the twins before heading down to the Bentley--Will is silent the entire time, even when the twins call to him.

"Mama is tired, let him rest, little ones."

"Mylimasis, the children will be able to sense that you are upset, please, this is nothing to be overly upset about, and we won't know anything for sure until tomorrow."

"I'm just so scared."

"Mama, are you okay?" Gryphon asks from the backseat as they drive home.

Will doesn't answer him.

"Mama is okay, kūdikis, don't worry."

The rest of their ride home is silent other than the twins babbling back and forth occasionally.

Hannibal takes the kids inside and Will wanders in slowly behind them, he doesn't say a word to anyone, he goes straight up the stairs--if Hannibal has to guess he'd say Will goes up to their nest, to try to comfort himself.

Hannibal takes the twins into the living room and tells them they can watch a movie before lunch time, they pick out Lilo and Stitch, Hannibal puts the DVD in and tells them he will be right back.

He wants to go to Will, instead he goes to the kitchen to call Margot.

"Hannibal, hello."

"Hello, Margot, I was wondering if you and Alana would like some company tonight?"

"The whole family?"

"I was hoping the twins could have a sleepover with their auntie's, Tony was talking about wanting to play with Morgan a few days ago."

"Is anything wrong?"

"Will has an appointment early tomorrow morning, it will last for a few hours and he's quite upset."

"Hannibal, you tell me right now what is wrong with him."

"His blood glucose levels are elevated, he has to have the three hour glucose test done tomorrow, he's worried."

"Oh, no. I remember when Alana had to do that."

"They said the appointment will take a while and that it would be best if we didn't bring the children, they'll get restless quite quickly."

"Of course, no problem at all, you know we're always happy to see them."

"Thank you, so much, Margot. Would you like me to feed them dinner first?"

"If you can convince Will of it we'd be more than happy to have you all over for dinner, if not the twins are still more than welcome to eat here, whatever you feel is best."

"I'll speak to him about it, but right now he's holed up in the nest not talking to anyone."

"Oh, dear."

"I'll give you a call back later and let you know what the plan is."

"I'll go tell Alana and Morgan, they'll be so excited."

--

Hannibal feeds the twins lunch then puts them down for their afternoon nap before seeking out Will--he's giving Will space, letting him process things.

He pushes open the door to their nest slowly, he can hear Will breathing softly, but cannot actually see him--he's cocooned himself up in the blankets.

"Mano meilė?" Hannibal speaks softly--Will's breathing doesn't sound like he is asleep but just in case, Hannibal doesn't want to startle him.

Will sniffles but doesn't come out from the blankets and doesn't speak to Hannibal.

Hannibal climbs into the bed with him, slowly pulling the blankets back to reveal Will within. His cheeks are flushed and sticky with tears, his nose is red and drippy, his eyes are puffy and bloodshot, his curls are half stuck to his head, half sticking up at odd angles--Hannibal can't help but think how beautiful he is, even like this.

"Mano meilė, are you alright?"

Will shakes his head, "I know that I'm overreacting, and that our baby is okay, but I feel like I'm failing them. Like I can't even help them grow properly. I know that's not true, I know that it just happens sometimes--that's what you said, but Hannibal I'm so scared that I'm doing something wrong. I ignored Grif in the car, and Tony when she tried to get my attention at the daycare. I'm being an asshole to our children, and to you. I'm so sorry."

"Shh, it's alright, Will. I don't know how much you were paying attention, but I told the children you were tired, they don't think you were ignoring them."

Will's nose goes to Hannibal's neck, breathing in deeply. "I'm still sorry. I shouldn't be reacting this way, I just don't want to lose another child." His voice is muffled, but Hannibal hears him clearly.

"Will, no, this is not something life threatening. Our child could have low blood sugars after they are born, but it's easily treatable with intravenous glucose to help regulate their insulin production, but even then that *might* not happen if we can maintain your glucose levels during the remainder of your pregnancy."

"I won't eat another ounce of sugar or a single carbohydrate until after our baby is born."

"No, that would be unhealthy. A body needs carbohydrates, we just need to focus on you eating good carbs, no more snack cakes with the children for a while. We will get through this, and our baby will be perfect, just like our others."

Will nods against his neck, nuzzling and kissing lightly.

Hannibal let's Will soothe himself for a little while, his hands resting on Will's belly, feeling their child move within. "I've spoken to Margot."

"Oh, and what did she say?"

"She's invited us all to dinner, if you'd like to go. She also told me that the twins are more than welcome to have a sleepover so we can go to your appointment tomorrow morning without having to wake them early again and this way they will have Morgan to play with as well."

"That was nice of her, though I'm not too sure I want to go to dinner, I'd like to stay here."

"That is not a problem at all, my love. I'll make dinner, give them both a bath and then take them to the estate."

"Though I have not seen Alana or Morgan in quite some time, it would be nice to go to dinner."

"Whatever you want to do, just say the word."

In the end Will stays home, promising they would all have dinner together soon. Hannibal feeds and bathes the twins, packs them a bag and takes them to the estate alone. Will stays in the nest for the entire night, only getting up when Hannibal wakes him around five-thirty to shower and get ready to go to the appointment.

--

The appointment is long and Will is exhausted from being up half the night worrying. He's starving and wants to just go home.

Hannibal holds his hand the entire time, rubbing his belly and his back--trying to soothe. Will once again experiences dizziness and nausea, and at one point Hannibal has to ask for a disposable emesis bag when Will starts dry heaving.

"I just want to go home."

"I know, mylimasis, just another hour."

Will's blood sugar upon arrival was ninety-nine, still slightly elevated but nothing to be concerned about.

At the one hour mark his blood sugar was one hundred and ninety-seven, definitely high and a sign of gestational diabetes.

At the two hour mark it has dropped down to one hundred and forty, better but still too high.

At the three hour mark it has dropped again to one hundred and thirteen, even better than the two hour reading but again too high.

The phlebotomist tells Will that he needs to discuss it with his doctor but based on the numbers, he has gestational diabetes.

Will thanks her for being so kind the entire time, and they leave. Will does not cry, as Hannibal had expected. He simply asks if when they get home Hannibal will make him some eggs and sausage. "If that's what you would like for breakfast then I would be more than happy to make it for you."

Chapter End Notes

Translations (Chapter 2) : "Nori, kad tave paliesčiau? Nori, kad aš tave pabučiuočiau? Nori, kad aš tave mylėčiau?" - "Want me to touch you? Want me to kiss you? Want me to love you?"
"Ar aš darau tave šlapią, mano meile?" - "Am I making you wet, my love?"
"Prašau ką? Kur tu nori, kad tave paliesčiau?" - "Please what? Where do you want me to touch you?"
"Man taip sunku." - "It's so hard for me."
"Ar nori, kad aš tavęs viduje?" - "Do you want me inside you?"
"Mano meilė" - "My love"

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

> Just a word of warning it may be a few days or longer until the next chapter is posted. So I don't *fall behind* I won't be posting the next chapter until the following chapter is completely written--chapter 4 is completely written but won't be posted until chapter 5 is completely written.
> Translations at the end of the the chapter.
> Enjoy 😌

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Despite all of Will's, and Hannibal's concerns the transition to healthier carbs and less processed snacks is simple, and because of that Will's glucose levels while still slightly elevated--in the low one hundreds, but never anything over one hundred and twenty--are steady, never going *too* high or dropping *too* low.

By thirty-three weeks Will is back to measuring right on track, maybe a centimeter or two larger than average but not enough to say that he's measuring ahead anymore.

--

"Mama?"

"Yes, Tony?"

"When the new baby comes out of your belly, can you leave them at the hos'ital?"

"No. Why would you want me to leave them at the hospital?"

"I already asked daddy, and he said no too."

"Baby, why do you want me to leave the baby at the hospital?"

She pouts--sticking her bottom lip out, "I don't want you and daddy to stop loving me and Griffy."

"Baby, come here." Will holds his arms open for Antonella to step into so Will can pick her up, he lifts her into his lap, her arms wrap around Will's neck. "Nothing will ever make daddy or I stop loving you or your brother."

"Are you sure?"

“One hundred percent sure, Tony. Daddy and I love you and Gryphon so, so very much.”

“But won’t the new baby need love too?”

“Yes, the new baby will need love too, but daddy and I have more than enough for all of you.”

“Mama?”

“What?”

“What is the new baby’s name?”

“The baby doesn’t have a name yet, daddy and I don’t know if they are a boy or girl yet so we have to wait until they are born to name them. That’s how we named you and Grif.”

“Mama?”

“What, Tony?”

“Can I feel the baby?”

“Well I think they’re sleeping now, but when they wake up and start moving around, I’ll let you feel.”

“Okay, thank you, mama.”

“You’re welcome, baby girl.”

“Can I go play with the doggies now?”

“Of course you can.” Will kisses her cheek before setting her on the floor.

She runs off out of the room, Will hears her climbing the stairs yelling, "Winston, Zoë, where are you?"

He smiles, hand on his belly, "I cannot wait for you to join us."

--

Hannibal is in the produce section of the grocery store when he's approached by Jack Crawford.

"Dr. Lecter."

"What could you possibly want now? Would you like to accuse me of murdering some radishes?"

"You think you're funny? You're not. I'm here because we've been following you and it seems you've slipped."

"Slipped?" Neither Hannibal nor Will have murdered anyone since the last run in with Jack--freezers full and no need to bring attention to themselves.

"Yes, you've slipped up."

"I have? And where or how might that have been?"

"We have a witness."

" A witness? And what exactly did they witness me doing?"

"Burying a body."

Hannibal hasn't buried the bodies of his victims for years, and he always tells Will not to bury anyone, so what exactly did this witness see?

"Burying a body? And you have proof? You've exhumed the site, I presume? Found this body I supposedly buried and you're here to arrest me for it? If that was the case you would've

cuffed me immediately and you wouldn't be here alone. You have no witness and no body. I've not buried anyone, Jack. Now if you'll excuse me I need to get my husband some broccoli." He pushes his way past Jack with the shopping cart.

Jack sputters and huffs--he's angry, but ultimately has *nothing* on Hannibal or Will.

--

"I ran into Jack at the grocery store." Hannibal tells Will as they put the groceries away, or more accurately Will sits on one of the barstools staring dreamily at Hannibal while snacking on some celery as Hannibal puts the groceries away.

"Did he say anything?" Will asks, crunching celery between his teeth.

Hannibal cringes, "Please don't speak with your mouth full, mylimasis."

"Sorry." Will murmurs.

"To answer your question though, yes, he told me that I've *slipped* and that they have a witness."

"A witness? What did they see?"

"According to Jack, they saw me burying a body, only you and I both know I haven't done that in literally years--long before you."

"Exactly."

"I think perhaps Jack was just trying to rattle me, worry me into inadvertently revealing something--like where remains are buried or something. I'm not stupid, nor are you, mylimasis, we know how to use and dispose of a carcass where no one will find it."

"Do you truly think they have some sort of witness though?"

"No, and Jack sounded as if he was going to throw a tantrum amidst the vegetables when I called him out on it."

"What did you say to him?" Will asks before taking another bite of celery.

"That if he truly had a witness, he wouldn't have been there alone, he would've arrested me as soon as he saw me and that he must certainly have the body that I supposedly buried. He didn't have anything to say to that. He has *nothing* to go on, he's fishing for information, but you and I are much more experienced than he is. We are hunters and you were a fisherman in your youth, we will not be taken down by Jack Crawford."

Will crunches some more celery, "We will win."

"We already have, my love. We just need to get rid of the sore loser--which I regret to admit is much easier said than done."

"I'm certain you will come up with something."

"I have a few ideas but nothing solid at the moment."

Will finishes the celery on the plate, "You didn't happen to buy any more celery did you?"

"I'm sorry but I didn't expect you to eat the entire package in one sitting. I'm more than happy to go back to the store if you'd like more."

"No, thank you though. I've been so hungry the last few days though, and as much as I hate to admit it because I've never even had that much of a sweet tooth, I've been craving sugar so badly. I haven't snuck any, but damnit it's hard."

"A small indulgence won't hurt you, my love."

"I know, but my glucose levels have been exceptionally good the last week or so though, I haven't had a reading of over one hundred and five."

"I am so proud of you, taking such good care of yourself and our child." Hannibal comes around the island to stand in front of Will, he places one hand on Will's cheek and the other on his belly, he presses a quick kiss to the corner of Will's mouth.

"Only because you're such an excellent chef for me."

"No, you've done so well with avoiding snacks especially with the children, and you've managed to stay active, going for short walks with the dogs at least once a day instead of laying around all day--not that there is anything with that, pregnancy is tiring and I could never fault you for resting."

"Hannibal, stop, don't try to make it seem like I've been doing so much, I take the dogs on a walk around the block and back, I might not be eating snacks with the kids but the last few days I've been eating non-stop. I'm going to end up as big as a damn house."

"Does that worry you? Are you afraid you're gaining too much weight?"

Will shrugs, suddenly silent.

"Mylimasis, please, don't go quiet on me, talk to me."

"It's fine, I'm fine."

Hannibal takes Will's face into his hands, forcing Will to look at him, "Please, do not lie to me. I know you are upset, I can feel it, talk to me."

Will tries to avert his eyes, "I said I'm fine."

"Will, you were just happy and smiling and now you won't even speak to me, please, do not tell me you are fine."

Tears well up in Will's eyes, "I'm being stupid and emotional and I'm sorry."

"Tell me, what you are thinking."

"I know with the twins I gained a bit of weight, I was carrying and feeding two babies, it made sense and then after I lost a good chunk of that weight, but the stretch marks remained, and my stomach never was *flat* again and now despite how hard I've tried, I know I've gained more than last time and, and, I'm.." His sentence trails off.

"And what? My love, I do not care if you have a bit of a tummy or stretch marks or anything, I love you, I do not care that your body has changed. When you first came into my life you were little more than skin and bones, I loved feeding you and watching you fill out. Will, are you afraid that I won't love you anymore?"

"No, no, I know you'll love me, I know you do."

Something suddenly clicks for Hannibal, "You fear that I won't find you attractive?" He says it like he's *asking* but he already knows the answer.

Will's silence confirms it all the more.

"Never think that, I've told you before and I will tell you again, **you** arouse me, and I'm not strictly talking about your body. Your mind and personality, your feral side and your soft loving mama side, everything about you arouses me. Mylimasis, you are beautiful to me, no matter how much you weigh. Besides that, any extra weight you've put on or any new stretch marks are indications to me that you've done well at keeping our child safe, and nourished. If you were skin and bones now with a round stomach, I would love you the same, I would find you just as attractive, however, I'm very glad you are **not**."

"I'm sorry."

"Do not apologize to me, you are feeling insecure, and I am deeply sorry if I've done anything to make you feel that way."

"You didn't do anything, it's just stupid insecurities coming back up. I had the same thoughts when I was pregnant with the twins, I just kept them to myself. I know a lot of it is just the stupid hormones, and I try to ignore it but it's so difficult. I was always told by Molson and then Mason that I need to be exactly what my alpha *wants* , and that if I'm not I'll be discarded, and I don't even a little bit think you would ever do that to me, but the fear is still there. I don't want to lose you or our children, never. But that fear is always there and the hormones and the changes to my body just make me constantly think, am I still what my alpha wants, does he still find me pleasing? I tell myself over and over to not think that way or to come to you for reassurance, but then I feel like maybe I'm acting crazy, maybe I'm overreacting to something that I shouldn't even be reacting to in the first place."

Hannibal doesn't speak, he kisses Will's lips, his cheeks, his forehead, his nose, and then he lifts Will's shirt, exposing his round, warm belly. He rubs the soft skin with his hands for a moment before dropping to his knees in front of Will, he pushes himself up slightly--the height of the barstool making this more difficult than he'd anticipated--and kisses Will's belly, not once or twice or even three times, he kisses as much of his skin as he can, each stretch mark that he can see is kissed softly and slowly.

Will's fingers thread through Hannibal's hair, and he begins to purr softly.

"You take my breath away, you are stunning, and so amazing, growing our children within your womb."

"Hannibal, stop." Will says without any indication he *actually* wants Hannibal to stop.

He presses soft kisses along the curved surface of Will's belly, down to his hips, and then back up over his belly, he presses his lips to each of Will's breasts, before standing, hands on Will's belly, and captures Will's lips beneath his own--sliding his tongue along Will's bottom lip.

"I wish to taste you, my love, will you allow me?"

Will does not break the kiss, nor does he open his mouth the way Hannibal wants, *"I'll taste like celery. There's nothing sexy about celery, Hannibal."*

"Kissing you and tasting you does not have to be sexy, it often is, but I simply want to feel your tongue against mine and feel your fangs."

Will's mouth opens and Hannibal's tongue immediately slips inside, rubbing across Will's teeth and fangs, feeling his tongue--and yes, Hannibal can *taste* celery, but what he tastes more of is Will's essence, something similar to the spice of his slick but softer, something Hannibal has noticed before but never truly savored.

"Hannibal, we need to stop."

Hannibal does not stop, running his fingers up Will's side, over his jaw and around to cradle the back of his head, fingers tangling in Will's curls. **"Why? Why should we stop?"**

"The twins."

"What about them? They're napping."

"When they wake up, they'll come looking for us."

"And I will hear them coming, mylimasis, please, let me worship you."

"Hannibal." Will mentally whines his name, purring into the kiss.

Hannibal breaks the kiss and takes Will's hand, and leads him into the living room. He sits Will down on the sofa--they'd gotten rid of the leather furniture shortly after the twins were born, didn't want to risk them slipping on it or destroying it, so they now have a nice, plush, dark colored microfiber furniture--he sits next to him and pulls Will into his lap.

"No, I'm too heavy to be in your lap."

"Mylimasis, please, I am more than strong enough to hold you, besides I like having you in my lap."

"Your legs will fall asleep."

"Mano meilė, stop, please. You are perfect for me however you are, no matter if you've gained a few pounds or lost them, if you cut your hair or let it grow freely, visada tave mylėsiu."

"Show me how much you love me." Will murmurs.

"I would show you over and over for the rest of our lives." He kisses Will--it's soft and slow and so sweet, their lips move together languidly. Hannibal cups Will's face with his hands, pulls back from the kiss, touches his nose to Will's, then their foreheads, "Jei matyčiau tave kasdien, amžinai, Will, prisiminčiau šį laiką."

"You know I can't understand Lithuanian."

Hannibal presses his nose to Will's again, "I know my love, but sometimes you just cause me to forget how to speak anything else. I promise you, I will teach you someday."

"What did you say to me just now?"

"That if I saw you every day, forever, I would remember you now."

"You will see me every day, what's so special about now that you would want to remember?"

"I hope that I do. But I would remember now because you are radiant, you shine brighter than the sun, I told you that you take my breath away, and I meant that. Right now though, you carry our child and that in itself is beautiful, but the way your cheeks are flushed and your skin seems to glow," Hannibal pauses unsure if he even knows the proper English words to use. "Will, I'm in constant awe of you, of **everything** about you."

Will kisses him, it's still soft and sweet but there's heat to it. *"How did I ever get so lucky to have you?"*

"I could ask the same, mylimasis, I never thought I wanted an omega or children and you've given me more than I ever should've deserved." Hannibal's tongue slides across Will's lips.

His lips part but before Hannibal's tongue can slide inside, Will's tongue darts forward and pushes into Hannibal's mouth. *"I want to taste you **now** ."*

Hannibal growls--a low rumbling sound deep in his chest--he can smell Will becoming slick.

Will's tongue touches Hannibal's fangs, pressing against their sharp tips, one hand slides into his hair--fingers tangling and tugging gently--the other works the buttons of Hannibal's shirt

open, he slides his hand inside--palm flat against Hannibal's chest over his heart. *"I can hear your heart beating, and now I can feel it too, do I make your heart race?"*

"You can hear and feel how quickly it beats, that is because of you, my love."

"You make my knees weak, and my heart skips a beat every time I look at you. I'm sorry if I sound sappy or cheesy, but it's true, and I want to make sure you know it."

"Of course I know it, I listen to your heart beating all the time. Mylimasis, I never thought I could love someone as much as I love you." Hannibal's hands go to Will's belly for a moment before resting on his hips.

Will pulls back, breaking the kiss, he slides off of Hannibal's lap and his head is tilted down, "Hannibal?" Will's voice is soft, but there's *something* to it that Hannibal doesn't like.

"What's wrong?" Hannibal places his fingers beneath Will's chin and lifts his head so he can look at Will--look into his eyes, they're filled with tears.

"Nothing, nothing is wrong, I never thought I'd be able to say that. I know we still have problems, and I'm probably ruining the moment, I'm just really happy." Will's trembles as he speaks, tears tracking down his cheeks.

"Don't cry, mylimasis, you've ruined nothing, I'm glad you're happy, that's what I've always wanted for you."

Will's forehead presses against Hannibal's, "I love you, and I love our family, and I'm afraid of what might happen in the future, but right now I am happier than I've ever been."

"I promise you, Will, I will protect you from all the bad things, the monsters out there, I failed you once, I will not do that again."

"Most people would say ***we*** are the monsters."

"Even better, if they think we are monsters, they will fear us."

"You're my monster, Hannibal."

"Aš esu tavo pabaisa."

"Mon amour, mon monstre, mon alpha."

Hannibal smiles softly, "Mon amour, mon monstre, mon oméga."

Will sniffles and smiles, "I'm sorry I ruined the mood."

"With you, my love, there is no such thing as a ruined mood, I am always *hungry* for you."

Will bites at his lips, fangs sinking into soft, warm flesh. "Always?"

Hannibal nods, "Always." He kisses the tip of Will's nose, across his cheekbones, his forehead, and along his jaw before pressing a chaste kiss to his lips.

Suddenly Will pushes Hannibal back, hands flying to rest on his stomach, "Ouch."

"Are you having a contraction?"

"I've been having Braxton Hicks for weeks now, it's fine, I'm fine, just twinges."

"Are you sure?"

He exhales through his nose, "Yeah, yes, yes, I'm fine."

Hannibal's hands cover Will's on his belly, "It's early yet so please if the pain gets worse or **anything** else happens you tell me, right away."

"Yeah, I will. I'm fine, it just caught me off guard that time. It's already passed and I'm fine."

Hanniabl's fingers hook under the hem of Will's soft cotton t-shirt, pulling it up, "May I?"

"Yes." Will answers, softly.

Will's shirt ends up on the sofa next to them, Hannibal leans in and kisses Will's neck, across his collarbone, down over his soft breasts, onto his stomach, hands rubbing gently as he moves down.

"Will you touch me?"

"Where would you like me to touch you, mylimasis?"

"Everywhere."

Hannibal lays his head on Will's thigh, hand on the other, rubbing slightly, "Are you wet for me?" He *knows* of course, he can smell how wet Will is.

"Mm, so wet, want you to feel how wet I am."

He moves so his mouth covers the bulge in Will's pants--thin, threadbare cotton pajama pants, they're all Will finds comfortable to wear recently--the scent of his slick and arousal is so **thick** so close to the source.

"Please." He whines.

Hannibal's tongue darts out and presses against Will's trapped cock--saliva soaking through, he can practically taste Will through the thin material.

"Fuck."

"Are you okay, my love?"

"I want you inside me."

"Anything you want, mano mylimasis." Hannibal nuzzles at Will's thigh.

"No, no, we can't."

Hannibal sits up, "Why not?" He's genuinely confused--Will has always been unpredictable and the pregnancy hormones don't make him any easier for Hannibal to predict, but he wanted this a moment ago, what changed?

"We have kids, we can't fuck in the living room in the middle of the day."

"I told you, I will hear them once they get up."

"Will hearing them get us dressed before they get down here? No, I want you to fuck me, I really, really want to you fuck me, but not here."

Hannibal stands, and pulls Will up, "Come, my love." He picks Will up before he can protest, Will's arms wrap around Hannibal's neck.

"You're carrying me?"

"I would carry you anywhere." He carries Will upstairs, all the while listening for any signs that either of the twins are awake or going to wake up soon--he hears nothing but their steady breathing and little snuffling sounds, likely from Gryphon.

Will's lips are against the bonding mark on Hannibal's neck, kissing and nipping with sharp fangs. He's still without a shirt and Hannibal can feel the warmth from his skin through his own shirt--he's never been a particularly cold person but he very much likes being warmed by Will's skin.

Their bedroom door is ajar, Hannibal pushes it open the rest of the way with his foot. Winston and one of the puppies are asleep on the dog bed in the corner, Winston lifts his head and looks at them when they step through the doorway.

"Out." Will commands from against Hannibal's neck, Winston noses at the pup so it wakes up before taking it between his teeth by the scruff of its neck and trots past them out of the room and down the hall.

Hannibal gently places Will on the bed before turning back to the door, shutting it softly and clicking the lock into place--the first time Hannibal had locked the door like this Will had panicked, "What if the twins come for us and can't get in? What if they tumble down the stairs?" Hannibal had calmed him, assuring him he would hear if their door opened, hear if they were awake, hear if they were coming down the hall, Will had only truly been placated once Hannibal had installed a child gate in the hall outside of the twins room, they've since figured out how to open it but Will hasn't let Hannibal remove it yet, we'll need it for the new baby and "Even though they know how to open it, I feel safer with it there, it's extra time we have to hear them coming."

He turns back towards the bed and finds Will has pushed his pants and underwear off, socks still on--much to Hannibal's distaste. "Eager, my love?" He speaks lightly and almost laughs.

"Hannibal, don't tease me, they've been asleep for almost a half hour now, you know as well as I do they aren't going to sleep longer than forty-five minutes.. an hour at most. I want you **now**."

Hannibal quickly strips out of his clothes, he climbs onto the bed with Will, gently caressing any bit of skin he can get his hands on. "How do you want me, mylimasis?"

Will grabs on of the extra pillows he's brought in from their nest--he hasn't started sleeping in there yet, by this point in his last pregnancy it was the **only** place Will would sleep--he places the pillow on the bed next to him and turns onto his side, belly resting on the pillow, ass pressed against Hannibal's hip. "Please."

His fingers run up Will's side briefly as he turns, body slotting up against Will. His cock nudges between Will's thighs, they're slippery from Will's slick.

"Please, Hannibal." Will grasps Hannibal's hand, pulling it across his chest to touch his breast, he pushes his ass back against Hannibal, urging him on.

His leg slides between Will's, lifting his legs slightly--opening Will up for him--his hips angle up, he pushes inside.

"Ah." Will gasps, "More." His and Hannibal's fingers brush against his nipple, Will pinches lightly--Hannibal quickly catches on and massages the tender tissue of Will's breast, trying to stimulate him into lactating.

His thrusts are shallow, but definitely well felt. Will's whining and moaning, pushing his hips back towards Hannibal chasing his cock on each out stroke.

"Oh fuck, I'm leaking, can you feel it?"

Small drops of light gold come from his nipple, Hannibal runs his thumb along the slightly hardened peak, he brings his thumb to Will's mouth. **"Taste, my love."**

Will's mouth opens, tongue darting out to taste. "Mm." He sucks Hannibal's thumb into his mouth, licking, swirling his tongue around the digit, his fangs glide across Hannibal's knuckle before Will releases him.

Hannibal's hand does not return to Will's breast, instead he grips Will's thigh, holding his leg higher, spreading him further open. He slides down the bed to get himself into a better position, he thrusts become faster and slightly harder--he's careful though.

"Fuck." Will slides his hand down his body, around his belly and grips his cock, stroking quickly. "Gonna come, daddy."

"Come for me, omega." Hannibal feels his cock touching Will's cervix, "Do you want daddy's knot?"

"Oh, yes, yes, knot me." Will tightens around Hannibal, cum and slick dribbling out of his cock.

Hannibal's knot swells, hot cum spurts inside Will.

Will rocks his hips as best as he can in their position, "Hannibal, fuck." Will's breathless, entire body flushed and glistening with sweat--Hannibal wants to lick him clean.

He lowers Will's leg on top of his own for cormforts sake, he hands moves to cover Will's belly.

"You always fuck me so well."

"You're always so tight and perfect for me, how could I possibly do anything other than see you satisfied so thoroughly?"

"You spoil me."

His knot is starting to soften. **"I will always give you everything you want, my love, if that is spoiling then I will forever spoil you."** He moves to pull out, Will clenches around him.

"Don't, I don't want you to leave me just yet."

Hannibal pushes back in the small amount he had pulled out, now that his knot has receded he will quickly become flaccid and slip out whether Will wants it or not.

A few minutes pass, "Let me wash you before the children awaken." Will whines as Hannibal gets up.

He helps Will to his feet, slick and their combined release slip down his slick, sticky thighs. His arm wraps around Will, hand on his lower back, the other holding Will's hand in front of them as he leads Will to the shower.

The water is warm but not overly hot as it cascades over their skin, Hannibal washes Will with a soft washcloth, using light touches on his sensitive spots--his breasts and his soft, spent cock. Will purrs the entire time, leaning against Hannibal to stay upright--he feels boneless and so incredibly tired, but in the best way possible.

"I think I might need a nap now."

"If you want to lie down after we are clean that's fine, my love. I'll go down and start preparing dinner and then see to the twins." Hannibal lathers conditioner into Will's hair, gently scratching and massaging his scalp as he does so.

"I don't want to neglect them, or you."

"You need all the rest you can get, it's okay, we will be fine without you for a few hours."

Will tilts his head back to rinse his hair, *"Thank you."*

"No need to thank me, you need all the rest you can get, mylimasis. We'll soon have an infant in the house again, you remember those first few months, all the sleepless nights."

"It wasn't that bad, but I know what you mean, I'd like it better if you could join me for a nap, snuggle with me."

"That does sound nice, but the twins will be up soon. I'll be sure to snuggle you tonight though." Hannibal kisses Will quickly, before rinsing himself off. He turns the water off and steps out of the shower first. He rubs his hair briefly before wrapping the towel around his waist. He grabs the large, fluffy towel that Will likes to use and wraps it around him, gently patting his skin dry. He grabs a second towel and begins to dry Will's curls.

"You don't have to baby me."

"I am not babying you, I like taking care of you."

"I know, I know, thank you. I like you taking care of me too." He nuzzles his cheek against Hannibal's wrist as he dries his hair.

--

Hannibal is taking the dogs for a walk when he feels like he is being followed--Jack had said he would be watching, but so far Hannibal hadn't *noticed* anyone watching them. He stops abruptly, turning around and catching sight of one of Jack's agents.

“If you’d like to join us for our walk, you’re more than welcome, agent Katz.”

“How the hell did you know I was there?”

“I’m very observant.”

“Not too observant, if you haven’t noticed the agent outside of your house.”

“Oh, I’ve noticed them, but they weren’t following me as you are.”

They begin walking again--for a while Hannibal would’ve considered Beverly Katz, maybe not a friend but someone he could be friendly with--Winston sniffs at her suspiciously. “Of course, they stick to the house and someone else follows you when you leave.”

“Of course.” Hannibal snorts.

“You know I don’t think you or Will are guilty of anything, it is suspicious that Clarice just up and vanished but I don’t think either of you had anything to do with it. If anything it was The Ripper--she was obsessed with him, she was so smart, she probably got too close and he killed her. But you know Jack, how obsessed he is too, he’s trying so hard to solve this, to catch The Ripper, and Clarice was his protégé after Miriam--he lost one trainee to The Ripper, now he’s lost an agent as well. Jack is a good guy, a competent agent, but he gets lost sometimes, so engrossed in one thing that he lets that cloud his vision. I’m sorry the crosshairs are on you and Will.”

Hannibal hums, should he show his hand? Reveal something to Beverly? “Did you know that she came to my home a week or so before she disappeared?”

“Clarice, came to your house, for what?”

“I’m unsure, I wasn’t home at the time. She spoke to Will, he only just told me about her visit a few days ago.”

“He didn’t tell you why she was there?”

Hannibal shakes his head--whether she is looking and sees it or not, he’s unsure--”He said she just wanted to talk, he wasn’t specific about what, and I didn’t press the issue. She was my patient, but I thought of her as a friend, Will did as well.”

“Maybe you should tell Jack about her visit.”

“Do you truly think it will make a difference? He said she was only there for a few minutes.”

“No, maybe you’re right, it’s not significant, and you said it was about a week prior?”

“Give or take a few days, yes.”

“Probably just wanted some company, or maybe an impromptu session.”

“Perhaps.”

“How is Will? Gotta be close to the end, right?”

“He’s doing well, and yes, he just hit thirty-seven weeks, it could be any minute now.”

“Did you ever find out the gender?”

“No, Will wanted it to be a surprise, so a surprise it will be. Though truthfully I believe we are having another little boy.”

“Well, either way congratulations.”

“Thank you, agent Katz.”

“I’ll let you get back to your walk and I’ll head back to my car, just promise me not to commit any crimes after I leave.” She laughs, and Hannibal joins in--if only she knew, actually if she knew Hannibal would’ve already killed her.

“Have a good afternoon.” He nods to her before she turns and walks back the other way. Hannibal’s walk is almost complete, the four dogs are getting tired and he’s already gone a different route than he normally would have. He turns the corner and starts the trek back home.

--

“Hannibal, please wake up.”

Hannibal sits up in bed, glances at the clock--one thirty-four am--”What’s wrong, mylimasis?”

“I’m not sure, I don’t feel like I’m in labor but I feel *strange* .”

“Does anything hurt?”

“My stomach aches a little, but it’s not painful, I feel like throwing up.”

“Have you checked your blood sugar?”

“No, I didn’t even think to, I’m sorry, I should’ve thought of that, I shouldn’t have woken you. Go back to sleep, I’ll go check it.”

“No need to apologize, Will. It’s alright. Let me go grab your meter and we can check it.”

“You don’t need to get up, it’s okay.”

“Stay, my love, I’ll be right back.” Hannibal kisses Will’s forehead before getting up. He

walks to the master bathroom and picks the small black case up off of the counter where Will had left it earlier.

He turns one of the bedside lamps on before sitting down next to Will. He unzips the case and pulls out an alcohol prep pad, he opens it and wipes one of Will's fingertips.

"Hannibal, I can check it."

"Allow me, it's quite alright."

Will nods--the movement is so small Hannibal nearly doesn't see it.

Hannibal pulls out a new lancet and the pen it goes into, he loads it while Will puts the test strip into the meter. Hannibal pricks Will's finger and touches his finger to the strip to collect the drop of blood. He grabs a tissue from the bedside table and presses it to Will's finger, ensuring he stops bleeding.

The meter beeps, "My love, your sugar level is too low, it's at seventy-nine."

"Oh fuck, that's why I feel like shit."

"You didn't eat much at dinner, would you like me to get you something? Or just a glucose tablet perhaps?"

"I didn't feel much like eating then. I'm still not hungry. Maybe a tablet will help."

Hannibal sets the blood sugar meter onto the bedside table before walking back to the bathroom to retrieve one of the containers of glucose tablets. He brings it to Will and hands him a tablet before setting them next to the meter.

Will chews the tablet. *"I always forget how much I hate the taste of these."* They're not particularly horrible tasting--Hannibal hadn't needed it but had tried one anyway--the first time Will had eaten one, he threw up.

Hannibal puts his arm around Will, rubbing his back gently. "It's alright, you'll feel better soon."

Will swallows the tablet, "I don't want to sound whiny, but I just wish I would go into labor already, Dr. Whalen said this should go away after I give birth, right?"

"Typically yes."

"I'm almost forty weeks, it's time for our baby to come out." Will leans his head onto Hannibal's shoulder.

"I know, my love, soon, very soon."

"You've been telling me that for almost three weeks now."

“My apologies, Will. You went into labor early with the twins, I had suspected the same would be true this time.”

“I didn’t want to go into labor early, but I didn’t want to go past my due date.”

“You haven’t quite passed it, yet.”

“Two fucking days and I will, I just want to have our baby already.”

“Don’t stress, our child will come when they are ready.”

Will scents Hannibal--soothing himself.

Will’s breathing begins to even out against Hannibal’s neck, he wants to let him rest but knows that they need to check Will’s blood sugar again.

“My love, we need to check your blood sugar again, then we can rest.”

Will grumbles, and holds his hand up to Hannibal.

He repeats the process from earlier, only this time he puts the test strip into the meter. It beeps, “Much better, one hundred on the dot.”

“I am feeling a little better, but I’d like to think that’s because of you.” Will murmurs sleepily.

Hannibal sets the case back onto the bedside table. “Let’s go back to sleep, mylimasis.” He scoots down the bed, bringing Will with him. His head rests on Hannibal’s chest, curls in Hannibal’s face--he doesn’t mind--and fingers laced with Hannibal’s.

--

The forty week mark comes and goes--Will gets whinier each day.

At his forty one week appointment he asks Dr. Whalen if she will induce him, he doesn’t want to be on a bunch of medications but he wants their child safe and healthy.

“If you haven’t gone into labor by forty two weeks, we’ll induce you.”

“Another week? Do we have to wait another week?” Will sounds distraught.

“You haven’t started to dilate yet, but your cervix has started to thin, it should start naturally within the next couple days.”

“But,”

“Will, you’ve made it very clear that you want to give birth naturally, no medical interventions, same as last time. I understand you’re frustrated right now, but I’m trying to

respect *your* wishes, your birth plan. If you truly want to schedule an induction now, we can, but I'd like to wait."

Will opens his mouth, then closes it without saying anything.

"Perhaps we can schedule it for the exact day Will will reach forty two weeks? That way the baby is guaranteed to be here by next week."

"That's an excellent idea, Hannibal."

"I don't want to wait."

"Mylimasis, I don't want you to regret using medications to induce labor."

"There are plenty of natural ways you can try to induce labor."

"Yes, I know, walk around the block, go up and down the stairs, have sex, I know, I've been doing all of them and chasing around toddlers and dogs and nothing has happned."

"Let me take you home tonight and make love to you." Hannibal *knows* if Will rushes this because he's impatient, he will regret it later, he's willing to manipulate Will into waiting.

"But, I want the baby to come now."

"I understand you're a busy woman, Dr. Whalen, but if you wouldn't mind, could Will and I have a moment to discuss this?"

"Not a problem." She stands and leaves them alone.

Hannibal strokes Will's cheek, "I know you want the baby to come now, but my love, I know how strongly you feel about not using medications."

Will's bottom lip trembles--he doesn't look like he is going to cry though. "I know, I don't **want** to take medicine, but I don't know if I can do this for another week, that makes me sound horrible I know, but fuck, Hannibal, you have no idea how this feels."

"You're right, I don't know, but I do know how you feel--we're mated Will, I can feel what you're feeling--not the same way you feel it, but I can feel it. If this is truly what you want, we can schedule it as soon as Dr. Whalen is available."

Will sighs, "Maybe you're both right, maybe it'll happen naturally, and maybe I will regret it. Fuck, I just--most of the time babies are born by now."

"Typically, yes, babies are born between thirty-seven and forty weeks, but if it wasn't safe for them to stay in there for forty two weeks, everyone would be induced at exactly forty weeks."

Will nods, "Okay, okay, we'll schedule it for exactly forty two weeks."

Hannibal smiles softly, “Thank you, my love.”

Dr. Whalen reenters the room a few minutes later. “So have we come to a decision?”

“Yes, I would like to schedule the induction for forty two weeks.” Will speaks confidently.

“I’m glad to hear it.”

--

“Alana, how are you?”

“Fine, and how are you doing, Will?”

“Exhausted, frustrated, ready to go into labor.”

“I remember that feeling.”

“I’m calling because, well Hannibal and I were wondering if you and Margot and Morgan would like some company next week?”

“Next week?”

“I’ve been scheduled to be induced on the twentieth.”

“Oh, honey.”

“It’s fine, I requested it. Hannibal and Dr. Whalen seem to be convinced I will go into labor before then.”

“You want us to take the twins?”

“If you wouldn’t mind, they love you and you’re really the only ones we have that can take them while I’m in the hospital. I hate to ask, but..”

“Will, it’s alright, we’d be more than happy to take them while you’re in labor and for your subsequent hospital stay.”

“You are such a life saver, Alana.”

“It’s really no problem Will, as long as you promise to do the same for us.”

“Of cour--wait, you’re pregnant?” Will askes shock apparent in his voice.

“Fifteen weeks.”

“And you’re just telling me?”

“We wanted to make sure it stuck.”

“Oh, Alana, I’m so happy for you three.”

“Thank you, Will.”

“I have to ask though, are you using a new donor or was there some of *his* semen left?”

“There was just enough for one more round, it’s *his* .”

“Either way, I’m happy for you.”

“Again, thank you Will. And please, if you go into labor before the twentieth, don’t hesitate to call us, we’ll come pick up Tony and Grif, any time, day or night.”

Will sniffles slightly, Alana and Margot are far too good to them. “Thank you so, so much. Same goes for you when the time comes.”

--

Will puts the twins to bed, kisses them each twice, tucking Gryphon back in after he got up to hug daddy again, before finally getting into bed with Hannibal.

"Are you tired, mano mylimasis?"

"Exhausted, but never too tired for you." Will bites his lip.

Hannibal kisses him--soft and sweet and full of so much love.

"Will you allow me to make love to you?" Hannibal's tongue slides into Will's mouth, across his tongue, feeling his teeth and fangs.

"Take me, mon monstre."

Hannibal presses a couple quick kisses to Will's lips, before moving back to strip out of his suit--another time perhaps he would've put on a show for Will. He crosses the room and locks

the door, when he turns around he finds a flushed, radiant, completely naked Will standing next to the bed waiting for him.

Will opens his arms, beckoning Hannibal to him. Hannibal wraps his arms around Will and kisses him again, quick and open-mouthed. When he looks into Will's eyes, they're glowing gold--his eyes don't glow often but when they do Hannibal's breath is taken away. Hannibal's own eyes start to itch and burn at the sight.

"You're turning red for me."

"With you glowing so brightly golden for me, how could I not?"

Will smiles softly, touches Hannibal's cheek with his fingers, "I want you to bite me."

"Where, my love?"

"My throat, my mark, I need to feel your fangs, please."

"Anything for you, Will." Hannibal kisses his mouth, quick before moving down across his jaw and further still onto his neck, he kisses the bonding mark--it has been healed and scared over for a very long time now, but every so often Will asks him to bite it, to reopen the mark more fully, he wants Hannibal to taste his blood, and in turn taste himself on Hannibal's tongue when they kiss. He would never do this with someone else's blood, but with his own or Hannibal's blood, it definitely turns him on, perhaps more than he would like to admit. His lips part, fangs touch Will's skin, but he does not bite, not immediately. **"Relax, mylimasis, I won't hurt you."** His fangs sink into Will's neck, slowly blood flows into Hannibal's mouth.

"I know you would never hurt me, and you will kill anyone who tries."

Hannibal stops biting and laps at the blood. **"I would kill them all."**

The blood flow slows, Hannibal licks at the wound, before moving to kiss Will. He licks into Hannibal's mouth, and begins to purr. His belly is pressed against Hannibal's--he can feel their child stirring within, a fact that may be a turn off to some but Hannibal finds it attractive, to know that his mate is nurturing their child. One hand moves to touch Will's stomach, the other rubs at his back--every now and then his nails scratch against Will's back--as they kiss. Hannibal tries to break the kiss to move back to Will's neck, or perhaps somewhere else, but every time he does so, Will grabs onto him--tightly, claws digging into his back--not letting him move. *"Don't go, I want you inside of me, but I'm not ready."*

Will's words confuse him, why is Will not ready?

Hannibal breaks the kiss, not letting Will stop him, blood wells up and oozes from the punctures where Will's claws are inside of him, he's not having this conversation mentally while distracted.

"Stop, Will, look at me."

Will looks up, eyes still glowing, purr turning into almost a growl.

Hannibal pulls Will gently with him so they're sitting in the bed, bodies pressed together, "My love, do not get angry at me. I need to be sure you are okay, tell me why you are not ready? Are you in pain?"

Will expression softens and the growl dissipates, "I'm not in pain, I promise. I just, when we had the twins I didn't know what to expect after, now I do, I expect the sore nipples and the bleeding, I'm really not trying to kill the mood here, I just I know what to expect now and I know that for the next at least two months we can't," Will pauses and shakes his head, "Hannibal, I know this is going to sound selfish of me, but I know this is the last time we're going to have sex for a while and I don't want to rush it."

"Mylimasis, it's alright, you are not selfish for wanting to savor us together. I know there have been bouts where we haven't had sex at all during your pregnancy, and I would never try to force you, but I too miss when we are not intimate."

"I just want you so bad, all the time and I know I sound like a horny little omega who only thinks about their alpha's knot, but that's not true, I-I just,"

"Shh, my love, it's alright, I understand. You bring out a hunger in me that I've never felt before." He kisses Will--quick and *wet* --his forehead presses against Will's so that he may stay close and still be able to see the brilliant glow of his eyes. "Mylimasis, do not think of this as a temporary ending to our intimacy, think of it as the beginning of our child's life outside your womb. And do not for one second think that I will deny you anything you want in that time, unless it could jeopardize your life or health." He leans in to brush their lips against each other, he pulls back and smiles at Will, "Lie down."

Will lays, head on Hannibal's pillow, "I love you." He whispers.

"I love you too." Hannibal takes Will's foot into his hands, his fingertips press in gently--almost massaging--he brings Will's foot up and kisses each toe, the arch, the sole, the top and up onto Will's ankle. He repeats the motions with his other foot. He kisses each of Will's calves, his knees, the insides of his thighs, all around his belly, across his chest, and collarbone. He purposely avoids the wetness between Will's legs, his leaking cock, and his nipples. He takes Will's hand into his own, kissing the top of it, each knuckle, each fingertip, his palm comes last and Hannibal nuzzles against it--he won't leave his scent on Will this way but the motion is the same--he presses a kiss to the inside of Will's wrist, his inner elbow, his bicep and his shoulder before repeating with his other hand and arm.

"Hannibal, please." Will whines.

He presses their lips together, careful not to let too much of his body weight rest on top of Will--just enough for his omega to feel the comfort from his bulk--their cocks slide together, Will's slick easing their movements. Will moans and Hannibal growls.

"You tease too much."

Hannibal lets out a breathy sound, something similar to a laugh though not quite. "No, my love, you are just impatient."

"You like to see me whimper and whine."

Hannibal licks at Will's mouth, "Knowing that I'm bringing you pleasure to elicit such sounds brings me immense joy, yes."

Will's hips lift a small amount to press up against Hannibal.

"Will you be comfortable on your back, or would you like to move?"

"I'll be comfortable once you're inside me." Will's tone is teasing. "I am fine, if I need to move I will tell you, or perhaps I will just move you myself, you seem to forget my strength sometimes. I can push you around all I want, Dr. Lecter." Will pecks his hips, smirking.

Hannibal is glad Will is still feeling well enough, and that they are comfortable enough with each other to joke around even in the midst of being intimate.

"Dr. Lecter now, hmm? Well, Mr. Lecter, you may push me around to your heart's content." Hannibal's moved to straddle Will's thighs. He's often thought of bringing up the prospect of Will taking him instead, but worries that Will will be turned off by an alpha being submissive in such a way--perhaps after the baby comes and Will has healed Hannibal will broach the subject.

"I'm too tired to push you around right now."

"If you are too tired then I would see you rest."

"No, I don't want to rest, yet. Besides slow, sweet and a little bit sleepy sex with you sounds incredible right now."

Hannibal sits upright, looking down onto Will. "Sleepy, huh? Don't fall asleep on me, mano meilė."

Will pulls Hannibal's hand to his face, nuzzling against his wrist. "If I do though, know it's nothing personal against you." He smiles softly, lifting his hips again, "Now c'mon, I wanna feel you."

He moves so that he is kneeling between Will's spread legs, he lifts Will's legs over his thighs and scoots in close. He pushes into Will in one long, slow thrust.

"Ah, Hannibal."

His thrusts are slow and lazy, Will whines underneath him. Will's hips shift and rock slightly, *"Please don't stop."*

Hannibal brings Will's hand to his mouth, kissing his palm, suckling at his fingertips, **"I have no intention of stopping, my love."** His thrusts are deep but careful--Dr. Whalen had said Will's cervix has begun to thin, Hannibal is careful not to thrust too hard, neither of them would be very happy if Hannibal hit his cervix and caused his membrane to rupture causing amniotic fluid to leak all over them.

Will's legs wrap slightly around Hannibal, feet touching his lower back. *"Mm, I wish you could stay inside me forever."* His free hand reaches up to rest against Hannibal's chest, fingers running through the thick graying hair there.

"If only I could, mano meilė." Hannibal looks into Will's eyes, there is still a ring of gold around the brilliant blue green of his iris. Hannibal's own eyes still sting slightly--he wonders how much red is showing in them.

"Mm, alpha." Will sighs.

There is not rush to this, no pressing urgency, they want to savour one another. Will's back arches up, his belly presses against Hannibal's. His fingers run across Hannibal's chest, fingertips brush against Hannibal's nipples--a place they've never truly explored on

Hannibal's body, though the sensation is one Hannibal enjoys and would like to experience more.

Will's body tightens around Hannibal's, fingertips dig into the flesh of his chest, he squeezes at Hannibal's hand. *"I'm so close and you've barely fucked me."*

"You are so gorgeous, my love. Just looking upon your face brings me to the brink of ecstasy. Can you feel my knot beginning to swell within you?"

"Knot me, alpha, please. Wanna feel you're release inside of me."

"Touch yourself, mylimasis."

"No, I want to come just like this, with you inside me."

Hannibal takes that as a bit of a challenge, thrusts becoming more focused, but still slow. His hand leaves his Will's hip to gently caress at his breasts, thumbing against his hardened nipples. The scent of their combined arousal hangs heavy in the air, each breath Hannibal takes he can practically *taste* it. Will leaks copious amounts of slick, positively coating his lower belly, Hannibal's thighs and the sheets beneath them. Will begins to purr again--content.

He watches as Will's eyelids become heavier and heavier, closing more and more each time--from pleasure or exhaustion, Hannibal cannot say, perhaps both.

Will whimpers and whines, clenching down on Hannibal's cock as the first small spurts of cum dribble from Will's cock.

"Come for me, my love." Hannibal's voice is deep and quiet in the darkness of their bedroom.

Fresh slick and cum leak out around Hannibal's cock as he slowly pushes inside. " *Gimme your knot, please, alpha, please."*

Hannibal wants this to be comfortable for both of them, he pulls out of Will.

Will grabs him and tries to keep him close. "Where are you going? Don't leave me, alpha, Hannibal, please."

"I'm not leaving you, my love." Hannibal lays on his side next to Will, arms wrapping around Will, pulling his back flush against Hannibal's chest, he gently lifts one of Will's legs and thrusts back inside of him. "Never will I leave you, Will."

Will whines, "Never, Hannibal, never, promise me."

Hannibal thrusts slowly still, movements shallow but well felt. "I promise you, I will never leave you. Nothing will seperate us." His knot begins to fill, keeping them together. He can smell the salt of tears. "Mylimasis, please do not cry."

"I'm not sad, I'm so, incredibly happy and *fuck* you feel so good inside me, I can feel each pulse of your cum inside of me."

Hannibal brings his wrist to Will's nose, letting him scent Hannibal to soothe himself.

By the time Hannibal's knot has deflated, Will's breathing is even and quiet, "Sleep well, mylimasis." He pulls out slowly, kisses the back of Will's head. His hand moves to the swell of his belly, he leans over Will to press a kiss next to his palm, "You too, my little love."

--

"Hannibal, I think we need to go to the hospital. Hannibal, please wake up." Will's voice is quiet, but Hannibal can hear the pain in it as he awkens.

Hannibal sits up in their bed, glances at the clock--three seventeen am, neither of them could've been asleep for more than four hours. His hands immediately go to Will's belly, "Are you alright? Are you in pain?"

"I woke up a little bit ago, I got up to go to the bathroom and I lost my mucus plug, and I didn't say anything but I've been having contractions since before we had sex. I didn't want to get my hopes up since I've been having Braxton Hicks for weeks now."

"You were contracting while I was inside of you?"

"Only once or twice, but yes."

"Will, why wouldn't you tell me?"

"It might be nothing again, but now I'm thinking otherwise."

"Should we call Margot and Alana to meet us at the hospital to pick the twins up or do you think we have time to wait for them here?"

"I don't know, check me."

"Will, I don't know if that's wise. Let us call them first."

"Fine, I'll go start packing the twins a bag."

Will stands pausing briefly, hand on his stomach--Hannibal can practically *feel* the pain of Will's contraction.

Chapter End Notes

Translations (Chapter 3) : "visada tave mylėsiu." - "I will always love you." "Jei matyčiau tave kasdien, amžinai, Will, prisiminčiau šį laiką." - "If I saw you every day, forever, Will, I would remember this time." ""Aš esu tavo pabaisa." - "I'm your monster." "Mon amour, mon monstre, mon alpha." - "My love, my monster, my alpha." "Mon amour, mon monstre, mon oméga." - "My love, my monster, my omega."

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

A little shorter, but I couldn't resist putting it up now.
Also strap in, things get intense.
Enjoy 😌

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alana meets them at the hospital, not wanting to wake Morgan. The twins are both confused at being woken up in the middle of the night. Gryphon clings to Hannibal, not wanting daddy to leave--poor baby is half asleep, crying into Hannibal's neck, trying to soothe himself with daddy's scent. Antonella is happy to go with auntie Alana, but she's a three year old, she's sleepy and growly--neither have heard their children growl before but Antonella does so now.

"Did Tony just growl at you?"

"Yes, she did."

"Come on sweetheart, let's get you buckled up." Alana takes Antonella's hand and leads her the few steps to Alana's car--Margot had insisted on getting the twins their own car seats for when they stayed with them so that no one had to mess with transferring seats from one car to the other--she lifts Antonella up and put her in the seat, buckles her in and moves out of the way to let Will kiss and say goodbye. She takes the twins bag out of the Bentley while Will tells Antonella goodbye.

"I love you, Tony, baby. I'll see you really soon, okay? You have lots of fun with Morgan and Grif and your auntie's." Will kisses her cheek before moving so that Hannibal can do the same.

Will's contractions are about twenty minutes apart right now, they're not rushing to get into the hospital--though Hannibal had called from the car so they knew to expect them--but they're close enough that if Will's water would break while saying their goodbyes they would be close.

With Gryphon still in his arms, Hannibal leans in, kissing Antonella's forehead, "Be a good girl, mielasis. I love you, Antonella, I'll call one of your auntie's later to speak to you."

Hannibal stands and moves so that Will may say goodbye to Gryphon. Will rubs Gryphon's back and kisses the top of his head, "I love you, Grif. I'll see you really soon, okay? I hope you have lots of fun with Morgan, sissy and your auntie's." Will steps back, hands on his belly, concealing a pained expression--Hannibal *knows* he's contracting again.

Gryphon whines against Hannibal's neck when he tries to put him into the car seat next to his sister. "Kūdikis, it is alright, mama and daddy will see you very soon. Mama is having the new baby though, so we must stay here for a little while."

"Mama hurt."

"Yes, mama is experiencing some pain, but he will be okay, I promise you."

Gryphon whines again, cheeks wet with tears, when Hannibal sets him in the car seat, "Daddy, don' wanna leave you and mama."

"I know kūdikis, but once the baby is born, auntie Alana and auntie Margot will bring you and Tony to see us."

"Pwomise, daddy?"

"I promise, Gryphon." He kisses Gryphon's forehead.

Tiny arms wrap around his neck holding him close, "Love you, daddy."

"I love you too, kūdikis."

"Thank you for taking them, Alana."

"It's not a problem at all, we love having them over, and Will promised you'd do the same for us with Morgan when the time comes."

"Of course, Alana, we would be delighted to have Morgan over."

Alana climbs into the car and drives off.

"Come, my love." Hannibal wraps his arm around Will, palm flat against his lower back, hospital bag and diaper bag over the opposite shoulder and leads Will into the hospital.

They check in at the front desk and are taken up to a birthing suite.

Much to Will's disappointment nurse Jenny isn't working--Will hadn't necessarily expected her to be there but he had liked her when they had the twins.

Will had packed some of Hannibal's clothes to wear during labor--like last time--one of his soft, well worn, thin sweaters, and a silk pajama top for delivery so that he can do skin to skin with the baby and not be completely naked.

He changes into Hannibal's sweater and a loose pair of his own sweatpants--he knows they won't be on for long but they'll be easy to pull on and off if he wants to walk the halls at all. He could've left his own pajamas on, but he wants Hannibal's scent to be a constant, he can have that from the sweater.

"I'll be here all night as your primary nurse." The nurse tells them her name is April and that if they need anything to just hit the call button. She also tells them Dr. Whalen will be in shortly and then they will get Will hooked up to a fetal monitor. Will had requested it to be that way, he wants their doctor to check him before they take the time to hook everything up.

"Mylimasis, are you alright?"

"Yeah, the pain isn't too bad, yet." Will sits on the edge of the bed, hands on his stomach, he doesn't seem to be having a contraction now, perhaps he just wants to feel their child.

"Would you like me to sit with you?"

"Do you want to change first?"

"Change? I'm fine the way I am."

"Hannibal, you and I both know you that you don't like being seen in something so casual.. let alone pajamas."

"This isn't about me, this is about you and our child."

"Please, Hannibal, I can practically feel the anxiety coming off of you from being seen by Alana, and everyone in here."

"I don't have anything with me to change into."

"I packed things for you as well."

Hannibal smiles, of course Will thought of him as well. "Thank you, mylimasis." Hannibal looks into the bag and finds that Will has packed him a few button up shirts, some black slacks, two sweaters--one burgundy the other soft gray--and two pairs of black linen lounge pants. Hannibal wears them on lazy days at home, but here they will be fine, they're fitted enough to not appear too casual for Hannibal's tastes.

He takes the soft gray sweater and a pair of the black lounge pants--he knows they will be the most comfortable and the sweater is one of Will's favorites on him--and changes in the bathroom, just in case Dr. Whalen comes in while he's changing.

Hannibal exits the bathroom and finds Will curled up on his side on the hospital bed, breathing harshly. He crosses the room quickly, crouching down, "Will, my love are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine, I'm fine, it's just a contraction. Fucking hurts though."

He rubs at Will's side, "Just breathe, mano meilė, it will pass."

Dr. Whalen and nurse April enter before the contraction subsides. "Will, tell me when the pain eases so I can check your cervix."

"He lost his mucus plug before we came in."

She hums and pulls on a pair of nitrile gloves, "You can lose small portions of the mucus plug before labor truly starts, however judging by how thinned your cervix was at your appointment, and how intense your contraction seems to be, I'm willing to bet you are in active labor."

A few moments pass, Will exhales, "Okay, it's over, Hannibal will you help me get my pants off?"

Hannibal nods and drapes the sheet over Will's lap before he helps Will out of his pants--he wants to give Will a modicum of privacy for now. Will spreads his legs to allow Dr. Whalen access to check his cervix.

"I'll never get used to this, at least it doesn't hurt this time."

Hannibal takes Will's hand into his, lacing their fingers together, stroking the back of Will's hand with his thumb. **"I'm sorry, mylimasis, it will be over quickly."**

Dr. Whalen discards her gloves, "You've begun to dilate, you're in-between a three and a four right now."

"I'm in active labor though?"

"Yes, you are. April, can you get Will hooked up to the fetal monitors now?"

"Of course, Dr. Whalen, would you like me to start an IV as well?"

"Not yet, Will wants to be able to move around, yes?"

"For a while, yeah."

--

The next few hours are slow, Dr. Whalen or nurse April checks Will every thirty minutes or so--in almost four hours he only progresses to a tight five. Will doesn't walk the halls, but he does pace around the room, Hannibal constantly touching him. At one point he's crouched next to the bed, knees spread wide, arms and head resting on the bed, hips swaying slightly.

"Why is it taking so long? With the twins I dilated so fast."

"You had been in back labor for hours without us knowing, and your water had broken. Once that happens labor typically progresses rapidly."

"I'm so fucking tired, Hannibal."

"Then rest, my love, I'll be right here."

Hannibal helps Will onto the bed then lays next to him, holding his hand, Will is on his side, head on Hannibal's shoulder.

"I don't know how much I'm going to be able to sleep with these fucking contractions." Hannibal sees the spike on the monitor and feels Will tense up.

Hannibal rubs his back, "Breathe, mano meilė."

The contraction ends and Will sighs, "I remember the pain, but not like this."

"What hurts, Will? Is it more than the contractions?"

"I'm just so tired, and my fucking bones hurt."

"Your bones? What do you mean?"

"Like my pelvis and hips, I don't know."

"Perhaps we should tell Dr. Whalen, it could be that the baby is positioned wrong."

"I just had an ultrasound yesterday, the baby was head down.. you think they moved?"

"Perhaps. We should still mention it, my love. Your bones shouldn't hurt."

"If you think so, okay, next time one of them comes in we can tell them."

"Thank you, Will."

Nurse April comes in a little while later, checks Will's cervix and the monitors. "You're still contracting but you haven't progressed past five centimeters."

"Will told me that his bones are hurting, his pelvis and hips. I'm afraid the baby may have turned and is stuck."

"Stuck? You didn't say stuck!" Panic evident in Will's tone.

"I didn't want you to worry, mylimasis."

"You should've fucking told me that our baby could be stuck."

"Apologies, Will, I didn't want to cause you additional stress."

"Fuck you."

"Not a problem, if the baby has turned we can try to move them back." She feels around Will's abdomen, pressing in gently. "Seems like the little one may be sideways in there. I'll let Dr. Whalen know and we'll go from there."

"Thank you, April."

"Stuck, Hannibal? Why the hell wouldn't you just say that? Now I am stressing about it because what if they can't turn the baby or, or what if when they turn the baby they hurt them?"

"My love, please, our child is well protected inside your womb, they will not be hurt if they are turned."

"And if they can't be turned, then what?"

"You may need to have a c-section."

"Want? No, I don't want to be doped up or have major fucking surgery. Hannibal, no."

"Will, it might be the only way our child can safely be delivered."

Hannibal scents distress, "Hannibal, please don't let them do that. Please, alpha, please."

"Settle, Will, please, we don't know anything yet. But if the baby cannot be turned and you need to have the operation, I will not fight it. My love, please, we both want our baby to be safe and healthy."

"I won't be lucid, I have to be lucid, Hannibal."

"The medication they will give you should not cause any disorientation."

"I won't be able to have your scent on me, and I won't be able to do skin to skin right away and I won't be able to breastfeed, Hannibal, please."

"If our child cannot be turned, we will wait it out for a while to see if they turn on their own. But at the first sign of any fetal distress, I will not hesitate in letting them perform the operation."

"If the baby is in danger then fine. If not, I don't want to do this, please. I know you have a medical proxy over me, you're my alpha and technically my owner, but please as your husband, let me make my own decision."

"I would never use those facts against you, you always have a choice here. But if the baby is in distress or your health is at risk, I will override your decision. I'm sorry, my love, but I will not risk either of your lives."

Will nods, "Thank you, alpha."

Dr. Whalen knocks before she and April enter the room. "I hear that you're having some pain, and that April thinks your baby is sideways."

"Yeah, Hannibal said the baby might be stuck."

She pulls on a pair of gloves, repeats the motions April had before.

"We'll need an ultrasound to confirm, but it does feel like your little one has turned sideways. April, go order an ultrasound. Let me check your cervix while we wait." April nods and leaves.

Will spreads his legs and let's her check him. "You're still at a five, a tight five, it seems you're not progressing well. If the baby does need to be turned we can only do so as long as your water hasn't broken. Another option to progress your labor and possibly get the baby to turn would be breaking your water, but if we break your water and the baby does not turn we will have to perform a c-section."

April returns with a portable ultrasound machine and a technician. They remove the fetal monitors and apply the gel onto Will's stomach. Will and Hannibal can both see the screen, and there is their child, laying sideways, head on Will's left side, feet on the right and butt in position to come out first.

"I want to try to turn the baby."

"That's what we will do then."

Hannibal climbs out of the bed to stand next to it while they try to turn the baby.

Dr. Whalen makes sure she knows where the baby's head is and then begins pushing on Will's belly, hard, trying to get the baby to turn.

"Fuck, are you sure the baby is okay. This hurts."

"The baby is fine."

The baby moves a little but not the way they need. "I can keep trying, but there are risks associated with prolonged ECV, or we can break your water and hope that gets the baby to turn, sometimes the baby needs that extra *push* so to speak to realize they're coming out."

"I don't want to put our baby at risk, are there risks if we break my water?"

"General risk of infection, but that's not something we really need to worry about as long as you give birth within six to twelve hours."

"I wanna do it, I want you to break my water."

Dr. Whalen nods, "April, can you reattach the fetal monitors?"

"Yes." She puts the monitors back on just in time for another contraction.

"Oh, oh fuck, ow." Will grabs at Hannibal's hand, pulling him close, he whimpers and whines and Hannibal brings his wrist to Will's nose.

"Breathe, mylimasis, scent me and calm yourself."

"It hurts, so bad. I-I can't do this. It didn't hurt like this last time."

"Would you like an epidural?"

"It won't hurt the baby?"

"Not at all."

Will nuzzles at Hannibal wrist, *"I want it, I want the epidural."*

"You need to tell Dr. Whalen, I cannot or she will be suspicious of how I know."

"I want an epidural."

"Will, that goes against your birth plan."

"Fuck the birth plan, labor with the twins was easy compared to this. It hurts, it hurts so fucking bad. I just want the epidural, please."

"Okay, we'll get the anesthesiologist, but Will once you have this, there will be no getting up until after the baby is born."

"Fine, whatever, I just want it to stop hurting so badly."

April starts an IV before the anesthesiologist arrives.

Twenty minutes and two contractions later and Will is on the edge of the bed, curled in on himself, Hannibal's hands on his shoulders keeping him still as the anesthesiologist cleans and numbs his lower back. As the needle goes into his back there is a sudden gush, Hannibal's shoes are wet.

"My water just broke. Oh fuck."

"It happens, nothing to worry about, we'll get you cleaned up in a minute." Nurse April tells him as she grabs a towel for Hannibal's shoes.

"Alpha, it hurts."

"I know, my love, I'm sorry you're in pain."

"Can we kill them?"

"No, my love, we cannot."

"Someone though?"

"Soon, my love, enough about hunting now. Relax and breathe."

"You start feeling the effects in a few minutes."

"Once you start feeling numb, we'll insert a catheter."

"Do they have to?"

"Yes, you will not be able to get up to use the bathroom, you shouldn't feel it going in. Also having an empty bladder can help labor progress as the organ is small when empty and not in the way."

"I don't want something in my dick, that's going to hurt."

"That is why they are waiting until the medication starts to affect you, soon you won't be able to feel much of anything below your waist."

"Don't let go of me."

"Never, mylimasis." Hannibal gently squeezes Will's hand, he's standing next to the bed for now, he knows that Will will want him in the bed with him again soon.

--

Dr. Whalen comes to check Will's cervix as well as feel if the baby has turned around nine am-- approximately five hours since Will was admitted.

"I'm sorry, but it seems the baby hasn't turned at all, and you're only just on the edge of being six centimeters, I don't want to push it yet as there's no signs of any fetal distress, but we need

to start discussing a c-section."

"If the baby isn't turning then as much as I don't want a c-section, let's do it. I want our baby healthy and here." Will's words almost surprise Hannibal, the certainty of his tone as he tells Dr. Whalen to, "Get the OR ready, I wanna have this baby." Will being confident about his decision makes Hannibal smile.

"I'll go get everything ready, I'll send someone in with the proper paperwork for you two to sign."

Will begins to shiver, "Are you cold, mylimasis?"

"A little but I think it's the medicine, maybe."

"It can be a side effect." Hannibal sits on the edge of the bed, leaning back next to Will--the bed is still in a mostly upright position--and wraps his arms around him.

"Hannibal, I'm scared."

"I know, my love, it will be okay though."

"I-if anything happens to me, make sure the baby is okay first, please, promise me."

"Will, nothing is going to happen to you."

"Please, just promise me you'll make sure the baby is okay."

"I will make sure you are **both** okay."

"I'm so fucking scared, but if it's me or the baby, save the baby. Promise me."

"I promise, Will. But I will **not** let anything happen to you either."

Will shakes against Hannibal, tears slip from the corners of his eyes, "Make sure Grif and Tony know that I love them, and the new baby too."

"Will, please do not say your goodbyes, nothing is going to happen."

"I love you, Hannibal, when you bought me, I wanted to hate you," Will sniffles, "I could never hate you though, I will always love you, no matter *where* I am."

Tears well up in Hannibal's eyes, he can smell and feel the fear coming from Will, "And I love you, Will, but nothing is going to take you from me."

April knocks lightly before entering the room, "I just need you both to sign these, and then we'll get you down to the OR." She smiles softly as she places the papers onto the table next to them.

They sign and April takes the papers out, she comes back a few minutes later with sterile surgical scrubs to wear in the OR. "We'll take Will in, get him prepped and then we'll bring Hannibal in before we start."

"No, please don't let them seperate us."

"It will only be for a few minutes, mylimasis."

"Alpha, please."

"Settle, mylimasis, it will be okay."

Will seems to cry harder but does not *say* anything else to Hannibal before they wheel him off down the hall.

"I'll be back to get you in just a few minutes."

Hannibal puts the scrubs on over his clothes, and waits. He tries not to pace back and forth.

April retrieves him, "Follow me."

Hannibal hasn't been in an operating room for years, it's much the same as he remembers it--bright and crowded and smelling of sanitizers. Will is on the operating table in the middle of the room--and all Hannibal can think about is finding Will in Mason's basement, bleeding, terrified and losing their baby--he shakes his head, trying to rid himself of those thoughts. Will trembles still, they've got a nasal cannula in his nose providing oxygen, a blood pressure cuff on his arm and heart rate monitor on his finger, Hannibal notices there are no electrodes on Will's chest--he wonders if they are going to attempt to let Will do skin to skin right away or perhaps even breastfeed?

There is a small stool next to Will, Hannibal sits and takes Will's hand, there are still tears tracking down his face. **"It's going to be okay, mylimasis."**

"They said since there have been no complications other than the baby being turned wrong they're going to suction the baby and check their blood sugar and if it's okay they'll let me hold our baby while they close up the incision."

"That's wonderful, mylimasis. I know how upset you were at the prospect of not being about to hold our child right away."

Will smiles and squeezes Hannibal's hand.

Dr. Whalen announces to them when she makes the incision. Will cannot feel it due to the epidural, but Hannibal can--it's not necessarily painful for him, but he can feel the residual pain of what Will should feel, almost like a phantom pain. Hannibal has been able to faintly feel the contractions as well, but he's been too focused on soothing Will to pay them any attention, but now that Will cannot feel any of it, Hannibal doesn't need to focus so intently on soothing Will he can feel an echo of everything.

A few minutes pass and Hannibal can't resist, he peeks around the curtain, and he sees as Dr. Whalen pulls their baby from Will's womb. He hadn't actually seen the twins as they were born, he felt as Will's body tensed as he pushed them out, but Will had been too afraid and things were moving so quickly that he hadn't wanted a mirror to watch--Hannibal would've liked to see Antonella and Gryphon as they came out. Seeing their child as Dr. Whalen pulled them out and handed them to a nurse to be cleaned up and suctioned out, is incredible. Tears fall from Hannibal's eyes.

Dr. Whalen holds the baby up above the curtain for a moment for Will to catch a glimpse. "Say hello to your mama and daddy, little man."

"Oh, Hannibal, we have another boy."

Hannibal watches as their son is handed off to the neonatal team, they clean him up, suction out his airways--he begins wailing, he definitely has a good set of lungs. They weigh him, measure his height and head circumference, and apply antibiotic ointment to his eyes. They prick his tiny heel and test his blood sugar.

But just as they pick him up to bring him over for Will to hold and breastfeed, Dr. Whalen in a rushed voice tells the OR team, "Get dad and baby out, now." Will's hand goes lax in Hannibal's. The coppery scent of blood is thick in the air. **"No, Will? Will? My love?"** One of the nurses takes Hannibal's arm and leads him out of the OR.

"What is going on? What's happening?"

The nurse hesitates.

"Tell me now, I was a surgeon, I know there is something serious going on. Speak."

"That's something the doctor will need to discuss with you."

"You will tell me now what is happening to my husband or I will have your job!" Hannibal knows he is in a hospital, knows that if he yells or causes a scene he may end up escorted out by security--if that happens he will fight to stay with his mate and his newborn son.

"Will? Please, Will."

"He started hemorrhaging, that's all I can say. If you want to see your son, he's on his way to the nursery now." She walks down the hall before Hannibal can say anything else.

He wants to stay in this exact spot outside the OR and listen--try to find out what's happening. The other half wants him to go to their son. He had promised Will he would save their child if it came down to one or the other, but their son is fine, he was crying and his skin was the proper color. He needs to stay with Will now. Their son will be okay in the nursery without them for a short time.

Chapter End Notes

Also the bit about Will's water breaking while getting an epidural comes from my own personal experience, I was 6cms dilated and getting my epidural--they were going to break my water after the epidural--as the needle went into my back, suddenly the metal folding chair they had me resting my feet on was literally soaked, amniotic fluid was dripping all over the floor off the chair 😂😂 and then a little while later my brother came to see me at the hospital when he got off work and *almost* sat on that folding chair, we stopped him but myself and my mom found it hilarious.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal stands outside the OR for what feels like hours, trying so hard to telepathically communicate with Will. He never responds.

Hannibal focuses his hearing, he can hear Dr. Whalen and he can hear the OR team, but he can't *understand* what they're saying. He knows this stuff, he knows what their words mean, but he can feel Will's pain and his own fear and nothing makes sense anymore.

Finally Dr. Whalen appears in front of him, Hannibal has been leaning against the wall--trying not to collapse. "Is he okay?"

"He will be, we had to give him a transfusion."

"What happened?"

"When the placenta detached it didn't properly, Will's uterus contracted and closed in on it. Getting it out caused a small nick in the uterine wall."

Hannibal tries to keep his anger to a minimum, *she* had caused this--rationally he knows that it was not on purpose, but Will could've bled out. "Can I see him?"

"He hasn't regained consciousness yet, but absolutely." She leads him to a recovery room. "Once he's awake we can have the baby brought here or if you'd rather wait until you're back up in your room, that's fine."

"Can you have our son brought in now? I would like to see him, and I know Will will want to see him right away."

"Of course." Dr. Whalen leaves.

Hannibal steps next to Will's bed, he caresses Will's cheek with the back of his hand, his skin is abnormally pale and slightly chilled. Hannibal pulls the blanket up over Will more fully. He takes Will's hand into his own, stroking the back of his hand with his thumb. **"I love you so much, Will. But I need you to wake up now, please, mylimasis."**

There is a knock on the door before a nurse wheels a bassinet in, she checks the bracelet on Will and Hannibal's wrist against the one on their son. "He hasn't eaten yet, we tried a bottle but he wouldn't take it, I'm sure he'll be getting hungry soon."

Before she leaves Hannibal asks, "How are his glucose levels?"

"The initial reading after birth was a little low but we just checked again and it's right where it needs to be. From now on we'll be checking it every two hours, due to his size and dad's gestational diabetes."

"Mama, not dad, if you don't mind."

"Of course, my apologies. If you need anything do not hesitate to hit the call button. And please do so when he wakes up."

"I will, thank you." Hannibal stands, releasing Will's hand, and looks into the bassinet at their son. He's definitely larger than either of the twins were, the card behind his head says, nine pounds and fourteen ounces, twenty one and a half inches long--their big, healthy baby boy. He's swaddled in a standard hospital baby blanket--white with teal and pink footprints on it--a tiny red and blue striped hat covers his head. Hannibal gently removes the hat--he wants to truly see their son--straight dark hair covers his head, more than either twin had--as Hannibal removes the hat his hair sticks up at odd angles. He smiles, their son is perfect. His eyes are closed, and Hannibal will not wake him just to see his eyes--to see if they are steely blue like most newborn's or if they are more similar to Gryphon's when he was born, dark with not much steely blue.

Hannibal just stares for a long time, listening to their son breathing, and Will in the background. He gently touches the baby's cheek, he snuffles--scenting for milk or family Hannibal can't say. He lifts their son into his arms, the baby stirs but doesn't open his eyes. Hannibal had removed the scrubs while waiting for the nurse to bring the baby in, he pulls the collar of his sweater down, and lays their son's head against his collarbone--his cheek rests against Hannibal's skin, the closest he will get to true skin to skin contact until after Will has the chance. Their son's skin is warm against Hannibal's.

He pulls the bassinet close to bed, and sits in the chair next to it, holding their son to his chest.

"We need you to wake up now, my love."

Will doesn't respond, doesn't wake up and Hannibal can't help the worry that is building in his stomach.

Their son begins mouthing at Hannibal's collarbone, snuffling and whining--he's hungry, Hannibal is sure of it. Hannibal hits the call button.

"What can I help you with?"

"My son is hungry, needs a bottle, the nurse that brought him in said he hasn't eaten yet."

"Not a problem, I'll be right back."

She brings him a small black zippered bag--like a miniature diaper bag. "There's some bottles of premade formula in there, just twist the cap off and place one of the nipple caps on. There's some diapers and wipes as well." She smiles, "Congratulations." She asks if he needs any help before she leaves, he tells her no, that he has twins at home. She nods and leaves him alone.

Their son does not wail or cry when Hannibal lays him in his lap to open the bottle and put the nipple onto it. He lifts their son into his arms and brings the nipple to his lips, he begins to suckle then turns his head away. Hannibal tries again, and the same thing happens.

"Mažylis, please, daddy needs you to eat." Hannibal speaks softly.

He tries again, their son will not take the bottle. Hannibal has another idea, he places the baby into the bassinet.

"Perhaps this will help you wake up, my love." He touches Will's face--he feels warmer than before and the color is returning. Hannibal pulls the blanket down his body, he unsnaps the hospital gown and pulls it down, exposing Will's breast.

Hannibal takes their son out of the swaddle, he whines at the cold of the room, Hannibal slowly and carefully lays the baby onto Will's chest, he covers the baby with the swaddling blanket to keep him warm--Will's body heat should help as well--and helps him find Will's nipple. The baby suckles and latches--stubborn boy only wants his mama's milk--Hannibal smiles.

He carefully holds onto their son as he feeds.

"Please wake up, mylimasis. Our son needs you."

Hannibal hears Will's heart rate pick up slightly, he looks to Will's face, sees his eyelids flutter slightly. "Mylimasis?"

Will's hand is the first thing to actually move--even before his eyes truly open--he places his hand next to Hannibal's on their son's back, holding him to his breast.

"Will? My love?"

Will's eyes open slowly. "Hannibal? What happened?"

"Later we can discuss it, now enjoy our son."

"He's okay?" Will's tone is clear--any anesthesia they had administered after Hannibal had been escorted from the OR has cleared his system, thanks to his chimera biology.

"He's perfect."

Hannibal reaches to press the call button.

The nurse enters, "Oh, I'm glad to see you're awake." She turns to Hannibal, "I know that the neonatal nurse told you to call us when he woke up."

"I did call you when he woke up."

"He's breastfeeding, he must've woken up before that started."

"I assure you, he was not, our son would not take the bottle, so I *improvised* , our son nursing is what woke him."

She doesn't seem convinced but doesn't continue to press the issue. She puts a pair of gloves on before she checks the monitors Will is hooked to. Has no regard for Will's privacy and pulls the blanket down further and lifts the bottom of his gown, peels back the tape and gauze and pokes at Will's incision.

"Make her stop, that hurts."

"It's okay, my love."

"Seriously, Hannibal, it fucking hurts."

"What exactly are you doing?"

"I have to check the incision for any signs of swelling."

"By poking and prodding a fresh incision? Let me remind you before you answer, I was a surgeon for many years."

"Well, I have to apply light pressure."

"Keyword there is light, you are clearly hurting my husband."

"Can we fucking kill her?"

"I would love to, but that may not be wise."

"Alpha, she's hurting me."

"Enough, you will stop touching him now."

She retapes the gauze down, and stands up straight, "I don't know why you hotshot alpha's think you can tell me how to do my job."

"Out, now."

Will lifts their son up, further on to his chest, both hands on him--a protective gesture.

She leaves the room without another word--clearly intimidated.

Hannibal leans down, kissing Will's forehead, "I'm sorry, mylimasis."

"I don't want her near our son again."

"Of course not. She will not come near you or our son again."

Hannibal presses the call button again. While they wait, Hannibal helps Will cover up properly. He swaddles their son, and lays him against Will--up near his armpit--so that Will can still hold him.

A new nurse walks in followed by Dr. Whalen.

"I would like to file a report against that last nurse."

"I'll get the paperwork for you." The nurse exits the room.

"May I?" Dr. Whalen askes before she even approaches Will and the baby--she's practicing proper procedures when dealing with an agitated alpha and omega after birth.

"Yes." Will and Hannibal answer her at the same time.

She puts on a pair of gloves, slowly and carefully lifts the blanket and the gown, she peels the tape and gauze off and discards them. Her touch is feather light as she checks the incision.

"Is she hurting you at all?"

"No, not at all."

"Good, tell me if that changes."

Will nods slightly, but doesn't *say* anything.

She rebandages the incision, "Incision site looks good, no signs of abnormal swelling."

The other nurse re-enters with forms for Hannibal to fill out. She tells him the name of the previous nurse and tells him that when he is finished to give them to their nurse once they're back upstairs. He thanks her.

"Has he taken a bottle yet?"

"No, he refused, seemed to only want Will's milk, I helped him latch onto Will's breast and feed. Will awoke during."

"Well then, good job little man." She checks Will's vitals. "Everything is looking great. I'll have someone move you back up to your room soon. And congratulations, gentlemen."

--

They're moved back up to the labor suite they were in earlier, but quickly transferred to a different room--Hannibal makes sure all of their items are taken with them. In between the moves Hannibal fills out the complaint forms and returns them to one of the nurses to be filed.

It's been almost two and a half hours since Will came out of surgery when two nurses enter their room--they introduce themselves and Katelyn and Tessa. They explain to Will that they need to press on his abdomen to make sure there isn't any build-up of air as well as helping to make sure his uterus is shrinking back to size.

"It's going to be painful, especially with the incision, but we have to do this."

"Okay, it's fine, just get it over with, please."

"Are you sure you are okay, mylimasis?"

"Yes, alpha, I'll be okay. I remember this from after having the twins, it's going to fucking hurt but it's necessary."

Hannibal nods and takes their son from Will's arms, he cuddles the baby close--high up near to his neck where his scent is stronger, their son likely isn't very sensitive to emotional scents just yet, but with chimera blood in him anything is possible--Hannibal attempts to eliminate any chance of their son scenting Will's pain and distress.

Hannibal watches as the nurses push down on Will's stomach, he watches the pain invade Will's expression and he can scent it in the air.

The process only lasts a few minutes, but Will has tears in his eyes but the end.

"I'm so sorry for that, I've had it done to me before, it was almost worse for my alpha." Tessa tells them.

"It's alright." Will clenches his jaw as he speaks.

"We'll have to do that at least three more times in the next twelve hours."

"Fine. Is there anything else or can I be alone with my son and my alpha now?" Will grinds his teeth--the sound is loud in Hannibal's ears.

"Nothing now, but we'll be back in about an hour to try to get you up and walking around. For now you can sit the bed up partially if you'd like, but we advise you not to sit up completely just yet."

"Thank you." Hannibal says, he sits in the chair next to Will's bed, makes sure his grip is firm on their son and then with the other hand reaches over to touch Will's hand.

The nurses leave and Will immediately starts lifting the bed, he stops when he's propped up, but not actually bent at the waist yet. Hannibal hands their son to him, "Are you alright, mylimasis?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm okay." Will smiles down at their sleeping son. "He needs a name, Hannibal."

"Yes, he does, I've been calling him, mažylis, and I will continue to do so as I've done with the twins--given them a pet name in Lithuanian--but he needs an actual name. Have you thought of any?"

"Nothing I read in the name books felt right, and nothing really does still. Have you thought of anything?"

"Armand."

"Are you an Armand, huh, baby?" Will strokes their son's face as he speaks. "I like it."

"Any suggestions for a middle name, my love?"

"Armand Christopher Lecter."

"A strong name, for our strong son." Hannibal smiles at Will who is smiling down at their son. "Would you like me to call the nurse so we can begin filling out the birth certificate?"

"Can we wait a little longer? I would like to call Margot and Alana, speak to them and the twins, tell them that their new brother has arrived."

Hannibal gets his cellphone out of their bag and dials Margot's number, he puts the call on speaker as it rings, she picks up after two rings.

"Hannibal, has the baby arrived?"

"He has yes." Will answers.

"Oh, Will, honey, how are you?"

"Sore and tired, I ended up having a c-section."

"Oh no, I'm sorry to hear that."

"It was worth it for our son to be here and be healthy."

"Well what's the little man's name, don't hold out on me."

"Armand Christopher."

"Oh, that is adorable, very *you two* ." Hannibal knows exactly what she means and that fact makes him smile.

"How are my twins doing?"

"Well, Grif is still pretty upset, it took Alana almost an hour to get him back to sleep, but Tony is doing fine, she's actually in the yard playing with Morgan and Alana now."

"Where is Gryphon? Is he not playing with them?"

"No, actually he's in mine and Alana's bed-- he's been crying off and on since he got here. I moved one of the baby monitors into our room so I can keep an eye on him, he's sleeping now, with Lexus curled next to him." Lexus is one of Winston and Zoë's pups from their last litter. Morgan had begged his mommies for a puppy.

"He's alone?" Hannibal and Will speak at the same time. "He's been crying all night?"

"He's alright, he's just tired."

"I didn't mention it this morning but before Gryphon left with Alana, he told me you were hurt. I don't know if he could sense it or smell it or what, but he knew."

"Please, Margot, make sure he's okay."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't want to worry you, besides we were a little preoccupied."

"He is fine, Will. He's napping with Lexus, and I'm keeping an eye on the monitor."

"Margot, why is he in your and Alana's bed?"

"Do you think it's empathy or an ability?"

"I do not know, my love."

"He came to us a few hours ago, he was crying and said he wanted to snuggle like he did with mama and daddy, Alana took him to our room and laid with him for a while until he fell asleep."

"Perhaps I should come get them, bring them to see Will and their brother."

"If you think that's best, though, I think you and Will need to take a little time to rest after labor and the surgery. Plus, you need to bond with Armand. The twins are fine, Grif is okay, he just needs to nap and calm down."

"Margot, please go get Gryphon and let me speak to him."

"Hannibal, he's asleep."

"Margot, please, I am not in the mood to argue, I would like to speak to my son."

"Okay, I'm sorry, I'm a bit tired as well, after you called, Alana woke me and I couldn't get back to sleep and then she was up early with morning sickness."

"It's quite alright, we are both tired as well."

They can hear Margot waking Gryphon, "Hey, buddy, I need you to wake up now, mama and daddy are on the phone and want to talk to you."

"Daddy? Is mama okay?"

"Yes, kūdikis, mama is okay. Are you okay, Gryphon?"

"No, wanna see you."

"Soon, baby, soon daddy and I will see you."

"Mama?"

"Yes, baby?"

"Did my brother come out of your belly yet?"

"Yes, he has."

"Hannibal, how could he possibly have known he has a little brother? Margot never said it and even we didn't know."

"Chimera ability? I'm unsure."

"What's his name mama?"

"Armand."

"Can I call him Armie?"

Will smiles tearing up, "Yeah, baby, if you want to."

"Daddy?"

"What, Gryphon?"

"Can I come see you?"

"Not right now, later though, okay?"

"But daddy," he whines--Hannibal is afraid he is going to start crying.

"Kūdikis, listen to me, please, mama needs to rest right now, okay?"

"But mama okay?"

"Yes, but mama is very tired. I promise you that your auntie's will bring you and Tony to see us later."

"I love you, daddy."

"I love you too, Gryphon."

"I love you, mama."

"I love you too, Grif."

"I love you, Armie."

"He loves you too, baby."

"Give auntie Margot the phone back now, please. And maybe you can go join auntie Alana, Morgan and sissy to play now."

"Okay, bye, daddy, mama and Armie."

"See, I told you he's fine."

"Thank you, Margot. Now if you wouldn't mind, can you take Gryphon down to play? We would like to speak to Antonella as well."

"It would be my pleasure. Come along Grif."

A few moments later, "Go play with Morgan, sweetheart. Tony, will you come here?"

"What do you want, auntie Margot? Morgy and me was playing house."

"Your mama and daddy are on the phone for you."

"Oh, okay." Hannibal can hear the annoyance in her tone.

"Hi, mama, hi, daddy."

"Hello, Tony, are you having fun?"

"Yes, mama."

"Mielasis, are you being good?"

"Yes, daddy."

"Baby girl, we wanted to let you know that you have a new baby brother."

"Oh, is he going to stay at the hos'ital?"

"No, he is not going to stay at the hospital."

"But I don't want a new brother."

"Tony, baby girl, he's your little brother, and he loves you."

"No, mama, 'memeber when you let me feel him moving?"

"Yes, I do."

"He kicked me really hard, 'cause he doesn't like me."

"No, baby girl, that's just the only way he could communicate with us."

"Okay, mama."

"Your auntie's are going to bring you and Grif to see us later."

"I don't wanna, wanna stay and play with Morgan."

"You don't want to see us?"

"I wanna see you mama but not the baby."

"Antonella Ilithyia, that is enough. You will not act this way towards your mama or your new brother."

She huffs into the phone, "Fine. I done talking now." She shoves the phone into Margot's hand and stomps off.

"Margot, if it is not any trouble, I'd like you to bring the twins, Alana and Morgan as well, around three pm, room five-three-seven."

"Of course, we would love to meet Armand. And I apologize for Tony's behavior, she's been such a sweetheart since she got here."

"No need to apologize, Margot, she's been having some problems adjusting to even the idea of a new sibling."

"Alright, well, we will see you in a few hours."

"Goodbye, Margot."

Hannibal hangs up and sets the phone down.

Will is silently crying, stroking Armand's tiny cheek.

"My love?"

"She hates her baby brother."

"No, my love, she's just a baby herself, she doesn't understand that she will still get lots of love and attention."

Will shakes his head, whining, " She hates him, Hannibal, why would she hate him?"

"She does not hate him, Will."

"She said she doesn't want to even see him."

Armand begins to fuss in Will's arms, small whimpers and jerky little movements.

"Shh, it's okay, baby." Will tries to soothe their son.

"Mylimasis, I believe he needs his diaper changed."

"Hand me a diaper then."

"I'm more than happy to change him."

"Hand me a diaper."

Hannibal unzips their diaper bag and pulls out a size one diaper--they knew there was a possibility of their baby being larger and not fitting into the newborn size. He gives Will the diaper and a container of hypoallergenic wipes.

Will carefully unswaddles him, he begins to cry once the cool air touches his skin. "Get me one of the sleeper dresses for him, please. He's cold."

Hannibal goes back into the diaper bag and pulls out a sleeper dress, it has a zipper and snap closure at the top, and essentially creates a bag for your baby to sleep in, it helps them stay warm and feel safe as if swaddled but with a greater range of movement. Will had discovered them when the twins were a few months old and fell in love.

He hands Will a soft, blue one with little white pinstripes. "Thank you, daddy." Hannibal can still scent Will's sadness over Antonella's comments but he can also hear the joy in his tone.

"You are welcome, mylimasis."

He watches Will carefully to make sure he isn't straining to reach, he watches as Will untapes the diaper, and slowly pulls it down, "Hannibal, I know we didn't have Gryphon circumcised, but I want to be sure, we are not having Armand either, right?" He asks as he gently wipes Armand--he hasn't pooped yet, but Hannibal knows it's coming soon, he does not look forward to it, it's sticky and tar-like.

"You are correct, Armand will not be circumcised."

He takes the soiled diaper from underneath Armand, folds it up and hands it to Hannibal to throw away. He places the clean diaper underneath Armand, tapes it up then asks, "Will you help me get the sleeper on him? I'm not sure I can lift him from this angle."

"Of course, mylimasis." Hannibal gently lifts their son as Will lays the sleeper out onto the bed, Hannibal places Armand on top of the sleeper and puts his arms in, he brings the fabric up over his legs and and zips it to the top, he does the little snap that covers the top of the zipper. "All done." Hannibal lifts him back up and places him onto Will's chest.

Ten or so minutes later there is a knock on the door, Katelyn and Tessa walk in followed by the nurse who had brought Armand to them while Will was in recovery.

"How's everyone doing?"

"Good, tired and definitely sore, but good."

"Excellent. So as daddy knows, we need to check baby's glucose levels, so if you wouldn't mind, I'd like to take him for just a minute."

"You're leaving with him?"

"Oh no, I just need to place him in his bassinet so I can do a little poke on his foot and check his sugar level."

"Oh, okay, of course, go ahead." She lifts Armand off of Will's chest. "Also we need the forms to fill out his birth certificate."

"Not a problem, I'll go get them and help you fill them out as soon as I'm done here."

"Alright now, Will, we're going to help get you sitting all the way up and then standing. If you're feeling okay we'll have you walk around the room too, okay?"

"Yeah, let's do this."

Armand whines and lets out a small cry as she pokes his heel, but he never truly begins to cry--he's a strong boy.

Hannibal knows with Will's chimera genes he heals quickly, but he just had major surgery and Hannibal worries that Will might overdo it, thinking he's healed more than he might be.

"Baby's blood sugar is looking good, staying steady. Not too high or too low." She turns to Hannibal, "Does daddy want to hold him or would you like me to leave him in the bassinet?"

"I'll take him, thank you."

Will sits up without too much fuss, Tessa helps close up the back of the gown before he attempts to stand. Standing takes a couple tries, but he makes it up.

His eyes are wide open as he stares up at Hannibal--finally he gets to clearly see their son's eyes, they're bright and dark at the same time, so incredibly blue with even a hint of steely gray in them. "Hello, mažylis." He practically coos at their son.

"Fuck, alpha, this shit hurts."

"I'm sorry, mylimasis, just breathe and go slowly."

Will makes it around the entire room, hand clutching Katelyn's arm the entire time. He sits on the bed, Katelyn and Tessa help him lay back, they place a pillow in his lap, covering his lower belly--protecting the incision.

"Are you feeling hungry yet? Or need to use the bathroom?" Tessa asks.

"No, I feel a bit nauseous, nothing too bad though. I still have the catheter for now, and well my stomach is pretty much empty so no. Thank you though."

"Alright, we just need to check on your bleeding and get you changed, then we'll be out of your hair for a while."

*"I really wish they didn't have to do this. I don't need **strangers** looking at my vagina."*

"I know, mylimasis, but they need to make sure you're not hemorrhaging again."

"That's what happened then? In the OR? I was hemorrhaging? I could've bled out?"

"Yes, Dr. Whalen explained that your uterus contracted down onto part of the placenta, trapping it essentially and when they tried to remove it, the uterine wall was nicked and that caused the bleeding. Before you get angry though, mylimasis, if Dr. Whalen hadn't made sure that the entire placenta was removed you could've developed a life threatening infection."

"I'm not angry, I'm just relieved that they knew how to handle it."

Hannibal smiles at Will, Armand snuffles, and mouths at Hannibal's sweater.

"It seems Armand is hungry again, mylimasis."

"Just give me one second here and we'll be done, then you can feed him."

Just as Katelyn and Tessa leave, the other nurse re-enters with the birth certificate forms. She helps fill them out while Will nurses Armand.

--

Will falls asleep shortly after feeding Armand, Hannibal holds their son as he too naps for a while. He gently places Armand into the bassinet, goes through the bag Will packed and finds an extra tooth brush, he heads into the bathroom to freshen up a bit, it's nearly two forty--the twins will be arriving soon.

When he exits the bathroom Will is waking up, "Hello, my love."

Will hums, "C'mere." He holds his hand out to Hannibal.

As he walks by he glances down at Armand, he's still sleeping peacefully. He takes Will's hand into his own, Will tugs him gently, "I want a kiss."

Hannibal leans over the bed, pressing a quick kiss to Will's lips. He tries to move and Will stops him. "Hannibal, please, I want a kiss." He murmurs. He presses their lips together again--Will's lips are slightly dry against his--Will licks across Hannibal's bottom lip. His lips part and Will's tongue darts inside. *"Minty."* The kiss is slow and soft.

"I just brushed, Margot and Alana will be here soon."

"Oh, it's that late already."

"Would you like me to help you change before they get here?" Hannibal breaks the kiss, pressing a few quick, short kisses against Will's lips, before standing.

"If you don't mind, this hospital gown sucks. Do you have the sweater I was wearing?"

"I do, or I have the other one, that I haven't worn yet."

"I'll take the one you haven't worn."

"Or would you rather have one of the button up pajama tops? So that if Armand is hungry you can nurse?"

"That's probably a good idea, but I want the sweater. Please."

"Are you cold, mylimasis?"

"Not cold, no, I just.. the sweater will remind me of our nest."

Hannibal takes the sweater out of the bag and helps Will out of the hospital gown. He bunches it up and Will slides his arms in, in front of himself, then Hannibal slowly pulls the sweater over his head and down over his body. "Thank you, alpha." Will nuzzles against Hannibal's arm.

"You're most welcome, mano meilė."

"I love you, Hannibal." Will looks as if he's going to cry.

"I love you too, Will, but please do not cry."

"I'm sorry, it's just I almost died, but I didn't and now we have a beautiful new baby and the twins and Antonella hates her little brother, and I just want to go home and curl up in our nest, everything hurts and I'm still so scared."

"Shh, settle, mylimasis." Hannibal sits on the edge of the bed, he can reach Will easier. "You are going to be okay, and Armand is perfect. Gryphon already loves his baby brother and Antonella will get there. It's going to be alright." He holds Will's hands, he brings them up and kisses across his knuckles. "Try not to worry, my love, it will be okay, I will not let anything happen to our children or you, I promise you that."

"But if something happens to you, I don't know what I'll do."

"I cannot make any promises on that, but I will do everything in my power to make sure nothing happens to me either."

"I can't lose you, Hannibal, our family can't."

"There is no evidence so far, so perhaps we stop. It will be an adjustment to our diet, but maybe it will be best for our family."

"I don't want to change our diet, but perhaps until after Jack is dealt with we should substitute. Though I do like hunting with you."

"Yes, until Jack Crawford is no longer an issue we will substitute our meats. You know that I adore hunting with you, but for now we cannot. I promise though as soon as it is safe, we will hunt together, kill together, butcher together, cook together and have a meal as a family together."

Will smiles at him. Then there is a knock on the door and Hannibal can hear the twins outside.

"Come in." Will speaks softly so to not startle Armand.

The door opens slowly, Gryphon runs towards them, stopping before jumping up onto the bed, "Mama hurt?"

"I'm okay, baby." Will reaches his hand out to touch Gryphon's. "You can sit on daddy's lap, okay?" Gryphon touches Will's hand for a moment before rounding the bed and climbing into Hannibal's lap.

Antonella has to be pushed into the room by Margot.

Morgan holds Alana's hand and walks in with her, "Baby?"

Alana lifts Morgan onto her hip so he can see Armand in the bassinet. "His name is Armand, honey."

"Baby cute."

"Yes, he is very cute."

"Antonella, please come over here." Will pleads.

"No, mama." She stands by the door glaring and growling slightly.

Hannibal picks Gryphon up as he stands, he sets him in the chair, "Sit here and hold mama's hand for me, okay kūdikis?"

"Okay, daddy." Gryphon leans over the arm of the chair, and onto the bed just a little bit and grabs Will's hand. "It's okay, mama."

"I know, Grif, thank you for being so sweet."

Alana, Morgan and Margot are crowded around the bassinet, cooing and watching Armand sleep.

Hannibal crosses the room and crouches down in front of Antonella, "Mielasis, will you please come over and see mama?"

She shakes her head and crosses her arms.

"Why not?"

"I want mama, not that baby."

"I'm going to take her for a little walk and try to talk to her, I'll be right back, alright, my love?"

"Alright, go and make sure our baby is okay, make sure she knows we love her."

Hannibal lifts Antonella into his arms, she tries to fight for a moment but stops when she realizes Hannibal is opening the door, not walking closer to Armand. Once outside the room he sets her on the floor and takes her hand, "Come for a walk with me, mielasis."

They make it halfway down the hall before Hannibal says, "Tell me what you did at your auntie's house earlier today?"

"Auntie Alana made me pancakes for breakfast and then Morgy and me played outside. We played house, daddy."

"It sounds like you had a lot of fun."

She nods.

"When you and Morgan were playing house, were you the mommy?"

"Nuh-uh. Morgy was the mommy, I was the daddy."

"Oh, and why is that?"

"'Cause Morgy is a 'mega like mama and I'm alpha."

"Of course. How do you know that though, Tony? Or were you playing pretend."

"Not pretend, daddy."

There is no way that Antonella knows Morgan's subgender let alone her own subgender.
"How do you know Morgan is an omega?"

"He smells like a 'mega."

"Oh, and what does he smell like?"

"Dunno, you go smell him, daddy."

"Perhaps later, mielasis."

He has more questions about why she thinks she is an alpha, but that's something they can discuss later.

They stop when they get to the waiting room area, Hannibal sits in one of the chairs and lifts Antonella into his lap. "I love you, Antonella."

"Love you too, daddy."

"Now, I need you to tell me why you don't want the new baby?"

"He doesn't like me."

"Antonella, he is a baby, he loves everyone."

"Nuh-uh, he kicked me really hard when he was in mama's belly."

"Mielasis, he had to kick hard from in there otherwise no one would've felt him, he was well protected in there, by mama's belly and all around him in there is this liquid called amniotic fluid, it was surrounding him, sort of like he was underwater in a swimming pool, underwater the movements you make are harder, right?"

"Yes, but daddy,"

"No, listen to me, your baby brother does not hate you. And he's not taking mine, or mama or Gryphon's love away from you."

"Is he going to cry, daddy?"

"Yes, that's what baby's do, because they don't know how to speak yet. They have to cry to get our attention when they're hungry or need changed. Sometimes baby's cry when they're sleepy,"

"Like Griffy?" Antonella interrupts.

"Yes, like Griffy. Babies cry when they don't feel well and sometimes they cry when they just want some attention, but Antonella, you were a baby like Armand, you cried too. Mama and I still loved you even when you cried."

"I not changing his diapers."

"No, mielasis, you don't have to change any of his diapers."

"I guess I want to see him. But I wanna see mama first, without him."

"That's fine, you can see mama first and then Armand. Would you like to help me hold him?"

She shakes her head, "I don't wanna touch 'im."

"Perhaps later then."

"I don't think so, daddy."

Hannibal stands, holding Antonella on his hip as he makes his way back down the hall to their room.

"Are you holding Armand?"

"No, Alana is."

"Antonella wants to see you first, without Armand, I've gotten her to agree to at least look at him."

"Okay, bring me my girl."

Hannibal opens the door and steps inside. Gryphon is still on the chair next to Will's bed, leaned over holding Will's hand. Alana is sitting in one of the other chairs, Morgan in her lap and they hold Armand, and Margot stands next to them, her hand on Alana's shoulder.

Hannibal rounds the bed and sets Antonella in the chair with Gryphon, "Come here, kūdikis, let's let Antonella see mama for a bit."

Gryphon climbs into Hannibal's open arms, clinging to him--arms wrapped around Hannibal's neck, nose to Hannibal's scent gland.

"Gryphon would you like to go for a little walk with daddy too?"

He shakes his head against Hannibal's neck.

"Alright, how about we go sit over here by the door and you can give daddy lots of cuddles."

He nods, excitedly against Hannibal's neck.

There is a small rolling doctor's stool, Hannibal pushes it with his foot over towards the door--far enough away from everyone else in case Gryphon wants to talk to him. He sits with his back to the wall, he settles Gryphon onto his lap--arms still around Hannibal's neck, still scenting him.

Hannibal watches as Antonella climbs over the edge of the chair to lean onto the bed to touch Will. "Mama, I sorry."

"Thank you, baby, but you don't need to say sorry to me, mama always loves you."

"Love you too, mama."

"Daddy?" Gryphon murmurs against Hannibal's neck.

"Yes, kūdikis?"

"Mama hurt this morning?"

"Yes, mama had to have surgery."

"Why?"

"To get your baby brother out of mama's belly."

"Daddy, my belly hurted too."

"What do you mean? Your tummy felt sick?"

He shakes his head against Hannibal's neck again, "No, I didn't wanna throw up."

"Then what do you mean your belly hurt?"

"I dunno, but it hurted." Is it possible that somehow Gryphon could *feel* Will's pain? Not only feel it, but feel it from so far away?

"Do you feel okay now?"

"Yeah."

"Gryphon how did you know mama was hurting?"

"I dunno."

"Okay, kūdikis. Would you like to go meet your baby brother now?"

"Wait, daddy."

"You want to snuggle a little longer?"

"Pwease."

"Of course, Gryphon." Hannibal rubs Gryphon's back, holding him tight.

"Tony, would you like to meet your little brother now?" Alana asks, still holding Armand.

"You hold him, I'll stay with mama and look."

"It's okay, baby, you don't have to get too close to him if you don't want to."

Alana hands him to Margot who walks towards Will and Antonella, Hannibal watches as Antonella squeezes Will's hand. Margot crouches down in front of the chair so that Antonella can see Armand.

"Why are his cheeks fat?"

"He's not fat, baby girl, his cheeks are just chubby."

"Why?"

"Because he's a big boy."

"Nuh-uh, Griffy and Morgy and me are big, he's a baby."

"That's not what your mama means, honey. He's still a baby and you're all still big kids, but by saying he's a big boy your mama means that he's a good eater."

"Oh."

"He'll grow into his cheeks, eventually."

"Oh."

Gryphon lifts his head from Hannibal's neck and stares into Hannibal's eyes. "Daddy?"

"Yes, Gryphon?"

"Can I hold my Armie?"

"Of course, daddy will help you hold him in just a minute."

"Daddy?"

"What?"

"Does Armie smell like me and sissy?"

"You mean like cinnamon?"

"Yep."

"Well, your baby brother scents more like ginger, a little sweeter than cinnamon, but still just as spicy."

"Daddy?"

"What?"

"Why do we have diff'ent scents?"

"Everyone has their own unique scent, to help us recognize our family members and for alphas and omegas to find their mates."

"Daddy?"

Gryphon is full of questions it seems. "What, kūdikis?"

"Do you and mama scent each other?"

"Yes, we do. You've seen mama scent me."

He nods, "Daddy?"

"What?"

"Is it okay for me to scent you?"

"Absolutely, you can scent me any time you want." Perhaps he doesn't realize he's scenting Hannibal constantly or maybe he's afraid scenting daddy is bad? If that's the case, where did he get the idea that scenting is bad?

"Daddy?"

"What, Gryphon?"

"Can I hold my Armie now?"

"Yeah, baby, come on." Hannibal stands and walks over to Will's bed, he sets Gryphon on the end by Will's feet, "Come get into my lap when I tell you to, okay?"

"Okay, daddy."

"Mielasis, can Gryphon and I sit here?"

"I wanna stay by mama."

"If you promise to be very careful you can sit on the bed next to me."

"Are you sure that's wise? I don't want her to accidentally hurt your incision."

"I'm chimera, Hannibal, it's healing."

"Chimera or not, you had major surgery."

"She'll be careful, it's okay."

"Let me help you, mielasis." Hannibal lifts Antonella and settles her into the space next to Will on the bed, her arm immediately goes across Will, and Hannibal holds his breath anticipating pain from Will, none comes however.

"I'm okay, that's what the extra pillow is for, to act as a barrier."

Hannibal nods, sits in the chair, "Gryphon, come here."

Gryphon climbs off the bed and into Hannibal's lap, with his back tight against Hannibal's chest. "Margot, if you wouldn't mind."

She smiles and brings Armand to them, " Put your arms just like this." Hannibal shows Gryphon how to cradle his arms to hold the baby. He takes Armand from Margot and places him into Gryphon's arms, with his underneath to ensure Armand doesn't fall.

"Hi, my Armie." Gryphon says softly.

Hannibal smiles, glancing over to Will who's snuggling Antonella, but watching Gryphon hold his baby brother, he smiles at Hannibal.

"Daddy?"

"What, kūdikis?"

"Armie's little."

"Yes, he is, but he's constantly growing, just as you and Antonella are. Perhaps even one day he will be bigger than you."

"Nuh-uh, I'm big brother."

"Yes, you are, kūdikis, but being older does not always mean you are taller."

"Oh. Armie, you can't grow bigger than me."

Will and Alana talk about baby things to fill the quiet of the room for a while.

Armand opens his eyes after a little while, Gryphon gasps. "Daddy, Armie waked up."

"Yes, he did. He might need his diaper changed."

"Can I help, daddy?"

"Not this time, kūdikis. But once we are home and can put him on the changing table or even just mama and daddy's bed, then you can help, okay?"

Gryphon nods, "Okay, daddy."

Hannibal lifts Armand from Gryphon's arms, Gryphon slides down off of Hannibal and onto the floor, before climbing back onto the end of the bed by Will's feet. Hannibal takes Armand to the bassinet to change him.

--

Morgan falls asleep in Alana's arms shortly before visiting hours are over and they have to leave.

"Don't wanna leave."

"You have to go back with your auntie's, but we'll all be going home in a couple days."

"Don't wanna leave mama." Antonella has thoroughly reattached herself to Will since the talk Hannibal had with her.

"I don't wanna leave my Armie or my daddy."

Before Hannibal can say anything else, "We're going to stop at your house before going back to the estate, we're going to bring Winston, Zoë and the puppies with us." Margot says.

"Winston can cuddle me tonight?"

"Of course he can, Gryphon."

"Does that mean that Zoë can cuddle me?"

"Yes, it does, honey."

"I miss you mama."

"I'll miss you too, baby girl. But a couple more days and then we'll All be together again."

"I love you, daddy. I love you, mama. I love you, Armie."

"I love you, daddy. Bye, baby brother."

"Wait, daddy, can I give my Armie a kiss?"

"Yes, you can." Hannibal picks Gryphon up, and holds him so he can lean down to kiss Armand's forehead. Before Hannibal pulls him back up, Gryphon kisses Will's cheek too.

He sets Gryphon down--he immediately takes Margot's hand, ready to go get the doggies, despite not wanting to leave. "Would you like to give mama a kiss too?" Hannibal asks Antonella.

"Yes, please, daddy."

Hannibal lifts her to let her kiss Will. "Would you like to give your baby brother a kiss too?"

"Nuh-uh." She does reach down and touch Armand's cheek for just a moment though.

"Bye, babies."

"Bye mama, bye daddy, bye Armie."

"Bye mama, bye daddy."

"Goodbye, Will, Hannibal, Armand, I'll give you a call tomorrow, okay?"

"I look forward to it, Alana."

The door closes behind them, softly. Hannibal sits on the edge of Will's bed, he reaches out to touch Armand's cheek--the same way Antonella had.

"So our son scents like ginger, huh?"

"He does, yes."

"Similar to the twins, but different."

Hannibal hums, "Yes, Will, I told you while you were pregnant what he scented of."

"I know, but now that he's out here, I had hoped that maybe his scent would be different, that maybe he wouldn't share my chimera genes."

"Do not worry, mylimasis."

"I try not to, you know I try."

"I do, and I will tell you what I told you before, no matter what abilities our children possess, we will be there to help them, no matter what."

"I know, being chimera is difficult though."

"Our children are strong, like you."

"Like you, you mean."

"Like us both."

"Yes."

Armand begins to whimper, then wail. Will struggles momentarily to get Hannibal's sweater up, before bringing Armand to his breast to nurse.

Hannibal watches his husband as he feeds their son, smiling.

Chapter End Notes

Translations (Chapter 5) : "Mažylis" - "Little one"

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Some happiness, some angst, some smut😏

Enjoy 😌

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Three days later they are released from the hospital, Will has strict instructions to not bend or lift anything heavier than Armand.

Alana meets them at their house with the twins and the dogs.

Hannibal helps Will inside with one hand and carries Armand's car seat with the other. *"I'm fine, Hannibal."*

"I know you are, mylimasis. But unless you want Alana to know of your chimera biology we need to make it look like you're still hurting badly."

"I guess you're right. But, Hannibal, I'm healed, mostly. I'm still a little sore, and still have staples in my stomach but I'm fine. Please don't baby me."

"I am not babying you, though if you would let me, I would wait on you hand and foot."

"That's silly, I had a baby, not lost a limb."

"You also had major surgery and you hemorrhaged, they gave you a transfusion but your body still needs time to recover from that."

"Hannibal, please, I heal quickly, I'm fine."

"Apologies, mylimasis. I just worry for you."

"I know and thank you, I love you, but my body knows how to heal itself."

"All bodies know how to heal themselves."

"Yes, but mine more so than others."

"You are right, and I love you as well, mylimasis."

Will smiles at him, "Thank you for taking care of them, Alana."

"Not a problem at all, Will. We love having them over."

"Mama?"

"What, baby girl?"

"Is the baby going to sleep in your room?"

"For a while, but then he'll go to his own room."

"But not my room?"

"No, baby, he has his own nursery, remember daddy and I told you not to go in there?"

"Oh, yeah. Mama, can I go play?"

"Of course, baby girl, ask Grif if he wants to play too."

"Griffy, wanna come play in our room?"

"I wanna see my Armie first, then I'll play."

Hannibal sees the anger flash across Antonella's expression--he needs to deescalate the situation before she starts growling again. "Armand is sleeping now, Gryphon, how about you go play with Tony for now and then you can see him once he wakes up?"

"Okay, daddy. C'mon, Tony." Gryphon takes his sister's hand and leads her up the stairs.

"How have you been, Alana?"

"Sick, but good. How are you doing though? How are both of you?"

"Tired and sore, but you know how it is after having a baby, all the negatives far outweigh the positives of having the baby. I would do it all again, to have Armand." Will smiles softly, carefully unbuckling and lifting Armand out of his car seat--Hannibal had set the car seat on the sofa specifically so that Will would be able to take him out.

Armand stretches in Will's arms, but doesn't wake up. Will snuggles him close, as Hannibal answers Alana's question. "I'm doing good, Alana. Quite exhausted, but such is life with a newborn."

Will and Alana talk for a little while, while Hannibal prepares dinner. They were supposed to be released from the hospital earlier in the day, but Will's blood sugar had actually dropped early in the morning and they wanted to be sure he was stable before releasing them. Will had insisted the low blood sugar reading was from his aversion to hospital food--once he gets some of Hannibal's cooking in him, he'll be fine, he'd said, so Hannibal intends to cook him a grand meal. Will hadn't eaten much at the hospital and honestly Hannibal couldn't blame him--with their diet and Will's love of all fresh vegetables, the processed but labeled fresh meals paled in comparison to what he was used to.

Hannibal makes Will steak--something he knows Will likes, that is linked to good memories and is somewhat of a comfort food. The twins' meal is simpler--some buttered sweet corn, cut up mango and breaded steak bites, shaped like dinosaurs, he'd prepared and frozen a batch of them a few days before Will went into labor, so they would have something quick and easy but still good to make for the twins after the baby was born. He makes roasted, buttered potatoes and asparagus to go with his and Will's meal.

Alana leaves shortly before the food is finished cooking.

Hannibal is putting fresh water and food into the dogs bowls when Will comes to the kitchen, Armand in his arms. "Hi, daddy."

"Hello, my love. Hello, mažylis." He leans down to kiss Armand's head, before kissing the corner of Will's mouth.

"Do I have time to nurse before dinner?"

"Of course, I'll turn the oven down a little bit. If Armand is hungry, feed him, mylimasis."

"Will you come sit with us?"

Hannibal nods, "Always." He turns the oven down, and places his hand on Will's back leading him back to the living room. Hannibal listens for a moment, the twins are playing happily upstairs. They sit on the sofa, Hannibal's arm goes around Will's shoulders, after

grabbing the nursing pillow for him and putting it *on* for him. Will lays Armand onto the pillow--he squirms and whines--while he unbuttons his--Hannibal's--shirt.

Hannibal cannot resist stroking Armand's cheek as he nurses, their son is precious, a perfect *gift* for their family.

"Hannibal, I feel like there is something *more* going on with Antonella."

"Why do you say that? What are you thinking, mylimasis?"

"She seems aggressive when it comes to Armand. I don't think she would hurt him, but she's never growled before, Hannibal. She's never *disliked* someone as much as she seems to dislike her brother." Will pauses, and moves Armand to his other breast. "Have you noticed anything?"

"I hadn't thought to mention it but, the other day when I took her for that little walk in the hallway of the hospital, I asked what she had been doing with her auntie's, she told me she had been playing house with Morgan. I then asked if she was the mommy of the house, no she said, she told me that Morgan was the mommy because he *smelt* like an omega, like mama."

"What? How could she possibly smell Morgan's subgender?"

"That's not all, mylimasis, she told me that she was the daddy because she is alpha."

Armand begins to fuss against Will's breast, tiny hands push at Will as Armand turns his face away. Will lifts him to his shoulder and begins patting his back.

"Mylimasis, your omega biology began to present itself at a very young age, the same is true of my sweet sister, Mischa, perhaps there is something in **our** DNA that is bringing their subgender out earlier."

"Cause I'm a fucking chimera." Armand burps--the sound is so small and quiet--then promptly spits up a little bit onto Will's shoulder. "Shit."

Hannibal can scent distress from Will, he doesn't want Will upset nor does he want it to affect Armand. "Let me take him, and you can get cleaned up." Hannibal takes Armand into his arms and holds him against his chest, so that his head lays against Hannibal's shoulder--close to his scent gland to help mask the distress from Will, it's still unlikely that Armand is affected by emotional scents at less than a week old, but Hannibal would rather be safe than sorry and keep Armand calm.

"Can finish our talk after dinner, once the twins are in bed."

Will nods as he stands, "Okay, after I get cleaned up I'll bring them down for dinner, it'll be ready then, right?"

"It was already done, I turned the oven down to keep it all warm, I just need to get the fruit out of the fridge."

"Do you want to put Armand in his crib?"

"No, I'll hold him until you return, he's awake still, I'd like to spend time with him this way."

"Of course, well, we'll be down soon."

Will ascends the stairs as Hannibal carries Armand into the kitchen with him. He cradles Armand against him with one hand, and uses the other to open the fridge and pull out the bowl of freshly cut, chilled mango. Armand snuffles against his neck, Hannibal turns the over all the way off, before lifting Armand in front of him with both hands, he looks into his youngest eyes, "Hello, mažylis. Are you okay, my little love?" Armand stares at Hannibal--he knows that Armand's eyesight isn't developed enough yet to truly focus on him and see detail, but he knows Armand recognizes his voice and his scent.

Armand sticks his little bottom lip out--pouting so adorably. Hannibal nuzzles against his cheek, listening to him make soft noises--almost like cooing but not quite.

"Daddy loves you very much, mažylis."

Will comes down a few minutes later, twin on each side holding his hands. They climb into their seats and Will buckles them in, he then takes Armand so that Hannibal can get the food out and onto plates. He brings the twins their plates first, and asks them what they would like to drink, "Milk." Says Gryphon, "Juice." Says Antonella. Hannibal gets them their drinks then begins playing his and Will's meals.

Will is sitting at the dining room table, keeping an eye on the twins as they eat while he waits for his own plate, Hannibal pops in for a moment, "Would you like a glass of wine with dinner, mylimasis?"

"Should I since I'm breastfeeding?"

"He's just nursed and should soon fall asleep and not be hungry for a few hours, the alcohol will metabolize in your system in approximately two hours, but as we know from the night of our first anniversary that alcohol metabolizes in your system rather quickly--you drank nearly an entire bottle of liquor in an hour and barely felt the effects. A glass of wine with your meal will be fine, mylimasis."

"You didn't say what you've made for us, but will red go well? You know I prefer it over white."

"I've cooked steak for us, so yes, red will go quite well. I'll be back in a moment."

Hannibal opens a bottle of Petrus Pomerol bordeaux--it's vintage is only a few years but it will still taste divine--he pours it through an aerator, then a second for himself and then brings the glass to Will before setting his own near to where his plate will be placed momentarily.

"Enjoy, mylimasis."

He returns a moment later with his and Will's plates, he sets Will's in front of him, then his own is set on the table, he checks the twins--they're both devouring the little dinosaurs shaped bites, Gryphon favors the mango over the sweet corn and Antonella the opposite--he takes Armand from Will's arms, "Eat, mylimasis, I will hold him."

He takes his seat and watches as his family eats the meal he's hunted, butchered and cooked for them, he cannot help but smile. His own food will likely be cold by the time Will has finished, but Hannibal wants him to eat--a proper diet will aid in him healing quickly. Hannibal takes a few sips of wine as they all eat, but does not attempt to eat with only one hand--he could do it, but he'd rather wait.

"You need to eat too, daddy."

"I will, mylimasis, when the time comes. For now, I will watch my family be nourished by my own hand."

"You're ridiculous, Hannibal."

"I only speak the truth, I feel pride in knowing that because I hunted our family can eat."

"You're too good to us."

"No, mylimasis, you are all too good to me. Now, eat and enjoy."

The twins babble back and forth as they eat, occasionally speaking to Hannibal or Will, but mostly just to each other.

Hannibal stomach rumbles once--he has not eaten since the hospital breakfast, he skipped the lunch, finding the food abhorrent.

"Don't think I didn't hear that. Give me Armand so you can eat."

"You're almost finished, finish up your meal, then seeing as the twins are done, take their dishes out and get them wiped off, take them to the living room to watch a movie before bath time, then come and take Armand and I will eat."

"You've got this all planned out, huh?"

"Mylimasis, you need to eat a proper meal to help your body heal, the things you were given in the hospital were not good enough. I know you have your healing factor and I know that you're already healing quickly, but you had major surgery and the recovery from that can be very difficult. I'm trying to ensure you are *back to your old self* in no time."

Will shakes his head, smiling. *"I'm fine, Hannibal. But thank you for wanting to get me healed up quickly. It's only been a few days but the recovery process has been much different than with the twins. I'll do as you asked, with a quick stop to the bathroom and then you will eat and I will keep you company."*

Will takes the last bit of food from his plate, takes a drink of wine, and then goes about cleaning up the twins and turning on a movie for them.

When he returns to the dining room he seems *upset* , Hannibal notices he's changed his clothes--his pants at least--as well. He takes Armand, who is sleeping soundly, from Hannibal and sits in his chair on Hannibal's right side. Hannibal begins cutting his steak, while trying to deduce what has Will distressed.

"I can practically see the cogs turning in your head, just ask me."

"What has upset you, mano meilė?"

"I'm sure you noticed that I had to change my pants."

"I did, yes. Would you like to tell me what happened?"

"It seems I'm healing quicker than even I had thought, I started producing slick, which caused the postpartum pad to become oversaturated causing it to leak. Hannibal, there was blood and slick all over me, my underwear are likely ruined and despite washing up I still feel *sticky* and gross."

Omegas do not typically begin producing slick again after giving birth until their preheat comes--with the twins even after the bleeding had stopped and Will was healed, he hadn't produced slick until preheat.

"I'm sorry that happened to you, mylimasis." He remembers how upset Will would get after having the twins when blood would leak and coat his thighs, making him sticky, the worst part was how it reminded him of the blood from the abortion--Will had been unconscious for most of it, but still he remembers the sticky feeling and the pain and the sorrow.

Will shakes his head, looking down at Armand. "It's fine, I just don't understand it."

"Nor do I, mylimasis. But as you said if you're producing slick already, your body must be healing exceptionally quickly and well." Hannibal takes a bite after he speaks.

Will sighs, "I don't want to miss any of his time being so small, but I wish I could just be done with the postpartum bullshit already. I just want to stop bleeding and go into heat and be *done* ."

"I know, mylimasis." Hannibal reaches over to stroke Will's arm--he purposely rubs his wrist against Will's skin to leave traces of his scent there. "I won't say something so cliché as, it will be over before you know it, but the sentiment is there." Hannibal finishes his asparagus

before speaking again. "My love, I know it must be hard for you, but know that I love you, and will always be here should you need to talk or for *anything* honestly. I want you to be happy, always."

"I am happy, Hannibal, I will always be happy with you and our children. I love you too. I know what you're thinking.. you're thinking that it's happening again. But it's not, it's not."

After having the twins, Will experienced postpartum depression, he never struggled to take care of the twins--it wasn't that, it was that Will struggled to take care of himself. The reason he ended up with blood on his thighs and bad memories on his mind was simply because he didn't bother to go to the bathroom and tend to himself. He instead laid in bed and stared at the walls endlessly, wordlessly, unless the children needed something, then he would jump up so fast and tend to every single need they could be wanting fulfilled. Things improved after his heat, after he finally was allowed the time to grieve Sébastien properly.

"I did not even think to mention *that* , or imply that was what I was thinking."

"I'm sorry." Will speaks so softly, so quiet and *afraid* sounding.

"No, my love, you needn't apologize."

Will nods, "Are you almost finished? I would like to get bath and bedtime over with. Armand will be getting hungry again soon, I would like to be done with everything so that we may get some sleep before he's next hungry."

Hannibal takes the last bite of steak into his mouth, chews, swallows, drinks the last little bit of wine in his glass and then stands. "Let me rinse my dishes, then we can go and get the twins for their bath."

--

They get the twins bathed and into bed easily, they tuck them in, twice for Gryphon--he has to get up to give daddy another hug and to kiss his Armie goodnight--and read a quick story and once they're asleep, Hannibal and Will go to their own room. Armand is in his bassinet in their room, he's awake when they enter, not yet crying.

Will immediately goes to pick him up, "Wait, mylimasis. He will be okay for a moment, come here." Will stops, and turns towards Hannibal, his arms are opened beckoning Will to him.

His arms wrap around Will, holding him tightly to his chest. They just stand there, embracing, neither speaking, listening to each other breathe--it's peaceful and Hannibal does not want to let go.

Armand begins to whine, and Will's entire body tenses in Hannibal's arms. "Mylimasis, are you alright?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm fine."

"You just tensed up when Armand whined."

"I know, I don't mean to, it's not that I don't want to pick him up and cuddle him and nurse him, it's just I forgot how tiring a newborn is. I want to finish our conversation about Tony and I want to nurse my baby, but most of all I want to just lie down with you and have you hold me while I sleep."

"We can speak about Antonella later, let me get him settled, I will change him and then you can nurse and then I will put him to bed. You rest, mylimasis."

Will shakes his head slightly--the movement so small Hannibal only knows it happens because Will's hair brushes against Hannibal's jaw. "I can change him, and nurse him and put him to bed and then we can lie down and discuss Tony." Will extracts himself from Hannibal's embrace and moves to go pick up Armand.

Hannibal isn't going to argue this with Will, if he wants to be stubborn and insists on *pushing* himself, then so be it. Hannibal will be there to help pick him up as soon as he needs it. "If you need me, I'll be taking a shower, mylimasis. Perhaps if you finish nursing before I've returned, you can join me."

"I doubt it, but thanks for the offer." Will says as he untapes Armand's diaper, Hannibal watches for a moment, from his position he cannot see into the bassinet, but judging by Will's expression and the smell permeating the room, Armand has pooped all over himself.

"Would you like some help, before I go?"

"No, I've got it, thank you." Hannibal is not entirely convinced by Will's tone, but he goes anyway. Hannibal uses the toilet, washes his hands, brushes his teeth, flosses and uses mouthwash all before stripping completely. He'd left the bathroom door open partially for there to be less between himself and Will, he pauses before turning the shower on and just listens to Will as he nurses Armand, murmuring, "I love you." And, "My sweet baby." And, other cute things as he does so. He listens to Armand's soft breathing and the suckling sounds he makes as he nurses. Hannibal momentarily thinks about telepathically communicating with Will, to make sure he is okay, to sweetly tell him that he loves him, but Will had seemed annoyed perhaps so instead Hannibal turns the shower on and climbs inside. If he focuses he can still hear Will and Armand and further off can hear the twin's sleeping breaths, and further still he can hear Winston and Zoë and the puppies settling down onto their beds that are scattered throughout the house.

Hannibal washes slowly, wanting to give Will the chance to join him.

"Sleep well, baby boy, mama loves you so much."

Hannibal smiles, he waits for Will to enter the bathroom--he never does, nor does he hear Will get into bed. Hannibal hastily washes his hair, turning the water off before making sure all the shampoo and conditioner are out.

He rubs at his hair with the towel quickly before patting himself dry. He exits the bathroom and quickly pulls on a pair of boxer briefs, cotton pajama pants and a t-shirt--he would've preferred putting on a pair of silk pajamas but he intends on finding Will. The bedroom

scents of sadness, he checks on Armand, he's swaddled and fast asleep, his nose is all scrunched up--perhaps from the sad scent in the room.

Hannibal follows Will's scent, and listens for him, he finds Will in the downstairs bathroom, the door locked. He can hear Will crying inside.

"Mylimasis?"

"Go away, Hannibal, I'm fine."

"Will, please do not lie to me. I can smell and feel how upset you are, please open the door."

"Just go back upstairs, I'll be up in a minute, okay?"

"No, Will, not okay. Please, open the door, I will not use my voice on you and I'd rather not break the door."

Will sniffles, "Just go away." Will whines, using his omega voice. Hannibal has no choice but to walk away. He does not however go back upstairs, he waits at the end of the hall, listening intently. He hears Will sniffle a few more times, breathing harshly--Hannibal wishes he knew what has upset Will now.

He stands at the end of the hall waiting--at least ten minutes--until Will finally emerges from the bathroom. His eyes are red and puffy, and Hannibal can still see the tear tracks on his cheeks.

Will doesn't see him right away, and Hannibal stays quiet. Will startles and tries to cover his face when he sees Hannibal waiting, "I told you to go away."

"Mylimasis, please, don't shut me out. Talk to me."

"No, I'm not, I'm fine. It's just.. just the stupid fucking hormones."

Hannibal stays in his place--he wants to go to Will, wants to wrap him in his arms and comfort him--and waits for Will to come to him, he doesn't want to upset Will further by forcing physical contact after he'd used his omega whine on Hannibal. "Will, I just want to know that you are okay. You nursed Armand then came down here and cried, I understand that your hormones are still fluctuating from the pregnancy, but you've been upset since we arrived home from the hospital. Did I do something to hurt you? Please, speak to me."

"I'm just tired, and so fucking sore. I know I'm healing, and I know my hormones are out of whack still, and I **remember** from having the twins what to expect, the soreness and the tender nipples and the fucking bleeding, but something feels *off* and I don't know what or-or how to explain it, but it's fucking scaring me. I know I had fucking postpartum depression last time, but this doesn't feel like that, but I'm fucking scared." Will is crying again, and Hannibal wants nothing more than to hug him and soothe him with his scent and tell him it's okay, but he's afraid that Will will reject him if he tries to touch him--and Hannibal never wants to experience that. "And you didn't do anything, maybe if you had this would make sense. I don't mean I want you to do something to hurt me or that I think you'll do anything to hurt me, I-I know you won't."

"Mano meilė, may I approach you?"

"Please." Will sounds so small and scared.

Hannibal walks the few steps down the hall to where Will is still standing just outside the bathroom. He doesn't touch Will, despite wanting to hold him, "No matter what this is, why you're feeling this way, we will get through it. Nothing will see me parted from you."

"I feel like I'm going crazy."

"How long have you felt like this?"

"Since the day Armand was born."

"Why haven't you told me?"

"I didn't want you to think I was crazy."

"You're not crazy, mylimasis, and even *if* you were, I would still love you. Will, you are my husband, my mate, my omega, I will always love you. No matter what this feeling is, no matter the cause, I will always be here for you. An-and if I ever do anything to hurt you, please do not hesitate to tell me. I never want to hurt you."

Tears slip from Will's eyes again, "You're too good for me, I'm sorry I'm acting this way. Maybe this is happening again, but it feels so different, before I struggled to take care of myself, but not the children, but now I just feel helpless. Like I can take care of them and myself but I feel like I can't take care of *you* ."

"You do not need to take care of me, mylimasis. Let me take care of you." Hannibal slowly--cautiously--reaches up to wipe away Will's tears. "My love, you've just gone through a traumatic experience, now wait before you interrupt, I'm not trying to say that Armand caused you trauma. I simply mean your birth plan did not go the way that either of us wanted, you had to essentially have emergency major surgery, and then you hemorrhaged and we could've lost you, that alone is traumatic for all of us, but you alone are the one who's experiencing the pain, mental and physical, and the aftereffects birth and surgery. I cannot claim to know how you feel or how to take your pain away." Tears well up in Hannibal's eyes now, he blinks rapidly trying to clear his vision.

"Don't cry, Hannibal, you didn't do anything wrong." Will whines, then begins to purr through his own tears--trying to calm his upset alpha. But Hannibal is not upset with Will, he's upset with himself for not *knowing* how to help Will. He's a psychiatrist for fucks sake, he should know how to solve Will's problems, but he doesn't.

He's treated alpha mothers with postpartum depression, but never an omega. Maybe if he'd not been so reluctant to treat omegas he might know how to help Will. Alpha mother's instincts are much different than an omega mother, especially a male omega mother.

Hannibal shakes his head minutely, "Perhaps if I hadn't avoided omegas I would know how to help you. My own apprehensions may have caused you harm. Will, I've never had any intention of hurting you. Man be galo gaila. I will scour all of my medical books, all internet sources I have access to and try to find as much information as I can on how to help you."

"No, Hannibal, stop, you don't have to do any of that, just-just let me take care of you."

"Take care of me how, mylimasis?"

"I don't know, I just, I feel like I need to take care of my alpha. I'm taking care of my children and myself, but I want to take care of you too."

"Okay, okay, mylimasis, whatever you want."

"Come with me." Will takes Hannibal's hand and leads him down the hall to the living room. "You'll hear Armand if he wakes up, right?"

"Absolutely, mylimasis." Hannibal wants to ask why Will is taking him to the living room, but he wants Will to feel better, he doesn't want to upset him by questioning him.

"Sit, please."

Hannibal does as Will requested, "You're not joining me? Mylimasis, you said you were tired."

"I did say that, and I am exhausted, but I want to do something first."

"Anything, mylimasis."

"You promise me that you won't get angry for what I'm about to do?"

"I promise, but whatever it is you intend to do, I don't want you to hurt yourself."

"Not listening to my instinct and doing what I *need* to do, is the only thing that will hurt me." Will nudges Hannibal's legs apart and steps between them--because of his position on the sofa, Hannibal is almost at the perfect height that if he wanted he could nuzzle against Will's chest and belly. He cannot stop himself, he leans forward and presses a few small, fast kisses to Will's belly--Armand is no longer inside, but Hannibal still loves Will's abdomen, loves that it's held their children and they've grown inside, he loves how soft Will's stomach is--he's cautious of the gauze beneath Will's shirt that cover his incision. So close to Will's body he can smell Will's flesh as it mends itself. He also scents blood, but with the blood is the scent of Will's slick, he hadn't noticed it earlier due to the cloying coppery scent of the blood, but now so close to the source he can clearly smell it--can smell Will's arousal.

Will gently pushes him back, "I said sit, please."

Hannibal sits back against the cushions, and waits. Will climbs onto the sofa with him, into his lap, straddling his thighs. Will's nostrils flare momentarily--Hannibal knows he's in pain. "My love, are you alright? What are you doing?"

Will doesn't answer him instead he presses their lips together, licking and biting at Hannibal's lips. **"Settle, mylimasis."**

"No, I want this, Hannibal, please, alpha."

Hannibal's hands go to Will's hips, to keep him still, he doesn't want Will to hurt himself, he promised he wouldn't get angry, but if Will ends up hurt then he will be angry--at Will or at himself for not keeping Will safe, is to be seen. Hannibal regrettably breaks the kiss, "Will, we must stop."

"No, I want this."

"Mylimasis, you've just given birth, we cannot."

"I'm bleeding, I know, but I'm also very slick, I **know** you can smell it."

"I am not going to let you hurt yourself by doing this, Will. I'm not going to risk you getting an infection."

"Who said anything about you being inside of me? You don't have to penetrate me to get me off, I bet I can come without you even touching me."

"What exactly is it that you want here? I'll give you anything you want, mylimasis, as long as it will not hurt you. I will not hurt you in any way."

Will licks his lips, "Just trust me, I won't hurt myself." Will kisses him again, it's quick and wet and over as quickly as it started. Then suddenly Will is sliding off of his lap and down onto the floor. Pulling at Hannibal's pajama pants. Hannibal lifts his hips to help Will ease them down, he's unsure he wants to allow this, but if it will help Will *feel* better--help him feel like he's taking care of his alpha--so long as it does not cause him any pain, Hannibal will allow it.

Will pulls Hannibal's pants and underwear down to mid-thigh, just far enough to expose his cock--it's still soft, but Will doesn't let that bother him--his eyes flutter shut as he kisses gently at the head, little kitten licks up and down the shaft and onto Hannibal's scrotum. *"You taste so good, alpha."* Tongue dipping beneath Hannibal's foreskin--Will knows exactly how *sensitive* he is.

"You are such a good omega for me, baby." Hannibal's voice is soft and low--soothing.

Will whines, sucking Hannibal's slowly filling cock into his mouth--he's always so careful about his fangs. Will has not put his mouth on Hannibal this way in such a long time--Hannibal would never push him to do it, no matter how much pleasure it brings him--both preferring the intimacy of Hannibal being inside of him, but Will certainly *knows* what he's doing.

Hannibal cannot keep quiet when Will's tongue swirls around the head, tongue dipping into his slit, fingers gently caressing his balls and inner thighs. "Oh, Will." Hannibal resists the urge to tangle his fingers in Will's curls.

"Does it feel good, alpha?"

Hannibal growls--low and rumbling. His cock is fully hard now, touching the back of Will's throat, sliding further into the wet, heat.

Will bobs his head, then focuses his attention on the head of Hannibal's cock, suckling and rubbing his tongue against his frenulum. Hannibal's hips lift slightly, pushing further into Will's mouth--saliva leaks from the corners of his mouth, dripping and smearing onto Hannibal's skin. *"I **need** you, my alpha."*

Hannibal's growling hasn't stopped--a steady, low rumble deep in his chest. **"Tell me what you need, my omega, tell me how to make you feel good."**

One of Will's hands leaves Hannibal's thigh--he cannot see where it goes, but he's fairly certain Will is rubbing against his own hard, dripping cock, he wouldn't put his hand into his pants, knowing Hannibal would be angry at him if he exposed himself to germs in such a way. Will whines around Hannibal's cock, the slight vibration from it feels incredible. His eyes open, he looks up at Hannibal, *"Need you to come, please, my alpha, I need to taste you."*

His knot throbs as it begins to swell--he *cannot* knot Will's mouth, but his knot doesn't understand that. **"Mylimasis, my knot is going to pop, I need you to be careful."**

"Gimme it, I want all of your cum, wanna choke on it."

Hannibal's fingers twist into Will's hair, not pulling, nor pushing his head down, simply letting Will know that he *could* . Will's eyes close again before he takes Hannibal's length

fully into his throat, swallowing around him, more saliva dripping from his mouth around him. *"Come for me, my alpha, please come for me."*

The sounds Will makes and the thick scent of his arousal in the air push Hannibal further and further, heat building in his belly. Will's body trembles between Hannibal's legs, he wants nothing more than to pull Will up to him, kiss him and be the one to cause the trembling pleasure, but Will **needs** this, needs to take care of Hannibal, so instead of pulling Will up to him, Hannibal slowly thrusts into Will's mouth and down his throat. Glans rubbing across Will's soft palate as his throat constricts around Hannibal's cock.

When he comes he practically roars--hopefully it wasn't loud enough for the children to hear--his knot swells, though not as much as if he was inside of Will, copious amounts of thick, hot cum spill down Will's throat, leaking out of his mouth. He gags once or twice but does not let Hannibal push him back. *"So good, my alpha, gonna come, alpha, can I come, please, please, please."* Will mentally begs, tone whiny.

Who is Hannibal to deny Will of anything? **"Come for me, mylimasis, be a good omega and come for me."**

Suddenly Will is off of his still spurting cock, he climbs into Hannibal's lap--probably too quickly--and begins rutting against Hannibal. Hannibal's release smears across Will's clothes as he rides him, Will's hips stutter before he presses himself tightly against Hannibal, whining and purring, "Ah, ah, alpha, my alpha."

"Shh, settle, mylimasis." Will shudders and whines, Hannibal wraps his arms around him, holding him tightly. "You're alright." Hannibal's knot hadn't fully expanded, nor has it begun to recede when Hannibal lifts Will into his arms--his legs wrap loosely around Hannibal's waist--Hannibal stands, one handedly pulls his pants and underwear up, before carrying Will upstairs.

He takes extra care to be quiet as they enter their bedroom, Will's nose is pressed against Hannibal's scent gland, he's purring softly. Hannibal glances into the bassinet at Armand, he's still fast asleep and hopefully will be for a little while longer.

Hannibal carries Will into the bathroom and sets him on the countertop. He intends to get Will cleaned up and relaxed before Armand wakes up to be fed and changed again. "Let's get

you out of these clothes and into the shower."

"No, Hannibal, please."

"Mylimasis, you need to get cleaned up."

"Okay, fine, but go and I'll do it myself."

"I want to help."

"I don't want you to see."

"Don't want me to see what?"

Will inhales sharply, Hannibal can tell he's still coming down from the high of his orgasm, but he can also see that Will is feeling upset again. "I'm bleeding, I don't want you to see that."

"Will, I've seen it before, after the twins were born. It's alright, it's something that is natural and supposed to be happening."

Will hesitates to speak again, "I'm afraid you'll think I'm gross."

"Never, mylimasis. Now please, you took care of me like such a good omega, let me take care of you like a good alpha."

Will nods, he looks so sleepy. Hannibal strips out of his own clothes, turns the shower on, and makes sure the water isn't too warm before undressing Will, and helping him into the shower.

They face away from the water so that it doesn't beat down onto Will's incision. Hannibal's body slots against Will's, he takes a washcloth and sensitive skin body wash and begins to wash Will--first his arms, then his chest, his thighs, down his legs and over his feet. He's careful around Will's lower stomach, feather light brushes across his skin with the washcloth, again light touches on Will's sensitive cock and between his thighs. He scrubs at Will's back back and bottom before dropping the washcloth to the bottom of the shower. **"Tip your head back so I may wash your hair."**

Will does so, and Hannibal can tell that he is getting very, very sleepy. Perhaps Hannibal will have to help him nurse Armand, he's done so before and would be happy to do so again.

He gently massages Will's scalp as he lathers in the shampoo, he repeats the massage with the conditioner.

"Will you be alright to stand if I get out first?"

"Yes, where are you going though?"

"I will dry myself off then grab some clothes for you, then I will come back, help you out, dry you, dress you, take you to bed and hold you."

"I love you."

"And I love you, mylimasis. Now, I will be back in a moment, wait for me." He presses a kiss to the top of Will's head.

Hannibal opens the shower door and steps out, dries himself for the second time tonight before wrapping the towel around his waist, he enters the bedroom and grabs Will socks, underwear, one of Hannibal's own cotton button up pajama shirts and a pair of soft cotton pajama pants. He grabs himself a pair of boxer briefs and pulls them on quickly before returning to Will.

He hangs his wet towel, opens the shower door, turns the water off, wraps his arm around Will and helps him step out onto the bathmat, he wraps a big fluffy towel around him, puts one of the postpartum pads into Will's underwear, helps him step into them, pulls them up then helps him get dressed.

Hannibal gets Will comfortable in bed, just as Armand starts to whimper. "I'll get him, change him and bring him to you, rest, mylimasis."

Will nods sleepily.

"Hello, mažylis, let's get you changed and over to mama for a midnight snack."

By the time Hannibal is finished with changing Armand, he can hear that Will's breathing is soft and evened out--he's asleep or very near to being asleep.

Hannibal grabs the nursing pillow and lays it next to Will, he places Armand onto the pillow, then he slowly unbuttons Will's shirt, he moves Armand and the pillow so that he can find Will's nipple and latch and nurse. Will stirs briefly but does not open his eyes.

When Armand is sated, Hannibal burps him, checks his diaper once more and puts him back into the bassinet. "Sleep well, mažylis, mama and daddy love you."

He gets into bed and pulls Will into his arms, he sleeps soundly for a few hours before Armand begins to cry again.

Chapter End Notes

Translations (Chapter 6) : "Man be galo gaila." - "I'm so sorry."

If all goes as planned and I don't have to change anything the next chapter will be Will's POV--it will likely be a bit shorter though.

And as always all mistakes are my own.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

> I am so sorry for the wait, I've been so busy with other fics as well as moving, I hope this chapter more than makes up for the wait--no guarantees of when the next chapter will be up tho, sorry, I'm trying my hardest.
> --
> Will's POV
> --
> Translations at the end of the chapter
> --
> Enjoy😌

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Armand is just over a month old, Hannibal has to go back to work in the morning--he will be off again soon for Will's heat, that should be coming soon--but Will is terrified, not because he thinks he won't be able to handle being alone with the kids.. he's done so more than a couple times when Hannibal's gone out to the store, but those were quick trips. This *feels* so different, Hannibal won't be home in less than an hour, he'll be gone at least eight hours. Will is feeling a little nervous, though also a bit excited to spend the day with his babies.

"Sleep mylimasis, we'll be up again in a few hours with Armand and we both need all the rest we can get, we have a busy day ahead of us."

Will nods and snuggles into Hannibal's chest.

--

Will wakes up shortly before Hannibal's alarm is set to go off, their room is quiet--the only sounds are Hannibal's deep breathing and Armand's quiet breathing. Will slowly slides from Hannibal's embrace and climbs out of their bed, he checks on Armand--he's awake, just looking around, he'll soon need to be changed and want to eat--before heading to the bathroom. He uses the toilet, washes his hands and brushes his teeth. He hears Armand starting to whine.

Will picks him up before he can start to cry, "Good morning, Armie. Are you hungry, sweetie? Let mama change you then you can have some breakfast." Will speaks quietly to him, not wanting to wake Hannibal before his alarm. He changes Armand's diaper, then sits on his side of the bed, he pulls the nursing pillow into his lap and lays Armand onto it while he unbuttons his shirt, he lifts Armand to his breast to nurse. Not long after Hannibal's alarm goes off--it's only five thirty am, but Hannibal has to be at his office by seven fifteen to prepare for his eight-o-clock appointment.

Hannibal shuts the alarm off promptly, stretches, and looks to Will and Armand. "Good morning, mylimasis. Good morning to you too, mažylis." He kisses the corner of Will's mouth, bends to kiss the top of Armand's head and then climbs out of bed. "I'll be in the shower if you need me."

Will smiles, lifting Armand over his shoulder, he begins patting his back lightly. "I'll see you when you get out."

Will checks his diaper then changes Armand out of his pajamas and into a short sleeved bright red onesie, white little baby socks and a pair of black stretchy cotton pants. It's warm in the house--they tend to leave the AC up a bit so it doesn't get too cold--he doesn't want Armand to get overheated.

Will lays Armand in the middle of their bed, keeping a close eye on him as he changes his own clothes. He hasn't worn a pair of jeans in forever, but today decides to try them on, they button easily and Will lets out a sigh of relief, he'd been worried they might not fit at all. He pulls one of Hannibal's black cotton t-shirts out of his drawer, it's bigger than Will's own, and he wants something loose and easy to pull up to nurse, and to be honest he's getting a little annoyed with wearing and often times ruining--when his breast milk leaks--expensive button up shirts or pajama tops all the time. Don't get him wrong, he loves nursing, but sometimes it can be an annoyance, especially when it comes to clothes.

By the time he's done he can hear Hannibal getting out of the shower, "Do you wanna go say hello to daddy before we go feed the doggies?" He picks Armand up, cradles him in his arms and goes into the bathroom, the air is warm from the steam.

Hannibal stands at the sink, towel around his waist, brushing his teeth.

"Hello, daddy."

Hannibal spits toothpaste into the sink, and meets Will's eyes in the mirror, "Hello, my loves." He rinses his mouth with water, then mouthwash before turning to face them. He steps closer, "Are you two having a good morning so far?"

"Say, of course we are, daddy. But we're going to miss you terribly when you go to work." Will smiles, albeit tinged with a little bit of sadness--he really is going to miss Hannibal while he is at work, having him home everyday for the past month has been really nice. But Will knows he must go to work, that he enjoys it, even if they don't *need* the income. Will would never ask Hannibal to close his practice though, not now at least.

Hannibal kisses him, it's soft and sweet, very minty and over far too quickly. He caresses Armand's cheek before turning back to the sink to shave.

"Would you like me to cook breakfast this morning?"

"If you would like, though you know I'm always happy to cook for you and the children, Will."

"I'll cook, if you'll get the twins up and ready for the day."

"It's a bit early to wake them, mylimasis, but if you're sure you'd like them up now, I'd be more than happy to wake and dress them before I come downstairs."

"Now that you're going back to work and I'll be up with Armand early, I'd like to get them used to being up earlier, I'm not going to be able to sleep in for a while once you leave anymore, it'll make sense for them to be up with me. Nap time will probably be a bit earlier and bedtime too, but I think it'll work out."

"Mama knows best. You spend the majority of days with the twins, if you believe this is what's best for them, then it is what we will do."

"Thank you for your support, though prepare for them to be whiny when you get home."

"I'll be ready for it, daddy will cuddle them and make them feel better."

"Will daddy *cuddle* me tonight too?" Will says suggestively.

"Daddy will definitely cuddle you, mylimasis." Hannibal's nostrils flare slightly and he flashes his fangs in the mirror at Will.

Will can feel slick starting to leak down his thighs, now is not the time, not when he just got dressed, he doesn't want to change already. He needs to get away from Hannibal before he completely soaks his pants. "We'll see you downstairs, daddy. Say, bye bye to daddy, sweetie."

"See you soon, mylimasis, mažylis."

Will places Armand in the mamaroo swing they'd bought--Hannibal had insisted on one for the kitchen, dining room, and the living room, Will had argued that they were too expensive to buy so many, spending over two hundred dollars on something they could simply move from room to room was excessive, but Hannibal had bought them anyway--Armand loves sitting in them. He likes the swaying motion the most, Will turns it on before filling the dogs bowls with fresh water and food, they all come running at sound.

He starts some coffee, then opens the fridge, Hannibal had made some breakfast sausage patties and frozen them, Will pulls them out and puts them into a pan to start cooking. He crosses the room to check on Armand, he's been awake for about an hour now, he'll either be hungry again soon or he'll fall asleep, Will suspects the latter when he sees Armand's eyelids beginning to droop. He smiles before going back to the fridge to take out the eggs, Will flips the sausage patties and gets to work on scrambling some eggs. He's just pouring the eggs into a pan when Hannibal and the twins enter the kitchen, he glances to the clock, six twenty am,

Hannibal has to leave in less than an hour--Will tries not to let it but his heart sinks a little at the thought.

"Good morning, mama." The twins say in unison.

"Good morning my babies."

Gryphon walks over to Armand in his swing, he doesn't try to touch his baby brother but he does state intently for a moment before, "Good morning, my Armie. Are you sleepy? Go to sleep baby brother." Gryphon then runs back to Hannibal and asks him to pick him up.

Antonella goes to the fridge and opens it, "I want milk, mama."

Will sets the spatula down and gets a plastic cup from the cabinet, he pours some milk for Tony and hands her the glass. "Grif, would you like some milk too?"

Hannibal is still holding Gryphon, but has moved to stir the eggs Will had just walked away from.

"No, thank you."

"Alright, if you change your mind or want something else, tell me." Will takes the spatula from Hannibal, "I said I'll cook, get them in their seats, please."

"Of course, mylimasis. I simply did not want you to burn your eggs."

"They're fine, who wants toast?"

"Me." Both twins yell, "With jelly, please, mama." Gryphon adds.

"Of course, baby."

Will puts the bread into the toaster as Hannibal takes the twins into the dining room to get in their seats. He takes the eggs and sausages out of the pans, gets them into plates, and begins to cut the twins' food up when Hannibal re-enters the kitchen.

Hannibal wraps his arms around Will's waist from behind, nuzzling against his hair. "You're not angry with me, are you?"

"What would I be angry for?" The toaster pops and Will moves to grab the slices, he butters each one and puts strawberry jelly onto Gryphon's--all with Hannibal *attached* to him.

"I do not know, you just seemed a touch annoyed with me when I stirred the eggs."

"No, Hannibal, I'm not angry or annoyed with you. Quite the opposite you'd realize if you used your nose."

Hannibal growls into Will's ear, "Are you getting wet for me, mano mėile?"

"I know damn well you can smell that I am. Now please stop, you have to leave soon and I can't be all worked up once I'm alone with the kids."

Hannibal bites at Will's ear, palm sliding down his chest, over his belly to rest against his slowly hardening cock.

Will whines, "Please, Hannibal, stop."

Hannibal backs away, "Apologies, Will, I'm not sure what's come over me. Perhaps my rut is coming soon."

"I'm sure it is, you know as well as I do that my heat should be here in the next week or so."

"Yes, of course, I haven't forgotten." Hannibal gets a plastic cup from the cabinet and pours a glass of orange pineapple juice. "Let me give this to Gryphon and then I will come help you with the plates."

Hannibal leaves the kitchen in a hurry, Will can feel that Hannibal is.. distracted maybe? He pours himself and Hannibal a cup of coffee and the pulls the bowl of rinsed cut in half grapes--red and green--out of the fridge--they always try to make sure the twins have some fruit or vegetables with every meal, though Hannibal prefers if they have both, Will had considered putting some bell peppers or mushroom or something into the scrambled eggs but decided against it, wanting their meal to be simple this morning.

Hannibal returns, takes the twins plates and the bowl of grapes and leaves again. Will puts three spoonfuls of sugar and a dash of creamer into his own cup of coffee, before putting a single spoonful of sugar into Hannibal's cup. Hannibal returns and grabs his coffee and his plate and heads into the dining room to eat. Will sits at the counter and begins to eat--he should join them in the dining room, but he thinks it's best to stay away from Hannibal for a while, besides Armand is asleep and Will doesn't want to wake him just yet.

"Why haven't you joined us?"

"I, uh just don't want to wake up Armand."

"He'll be alright sleeping in the kitchen alone while we eat, my love."

"I know but uh maybe it's best if I don't get too close to you right now."

"What? No, my love, please, I apologise if I upset you, please join us."

"You didn't upset me, I'm okay. I just need to calm down, I promise, you didn't do anything wrong."

"Please, mylimasis, Į would like to spend time with you before I have to leave."

"You won't be gone long."

"Will, please."

"I can't."

"Why not? Please, talk to me."

Will sighs and sets his fork down. *"Hannibal, I can't. I'm healed now, and I **want** you."*

"You will have me, mylimasis, tonight, I told you I would cuddle you too."

"I know, I know that, but I'm horny and I don't want to change my pants a million times because they're soaked in slick."

"I'm sorry, my love. I'll be sure to take good care of you tonight. You won't be left wanting, I promise."

"Not really helping my current situation, ma moitié."

"Apologies, my love, now please, join us for breakfast."

Will sighs again, it's a good thing he'd done laundry yesterday, he has a feeling he'll need to change his pants by the time Hannibal leaves for work. He checks Armand once more, before picking up his plate and cup of coffee and goes into the dining room.

He sits in his normal seat to the right of Hannibal. He reaches over and places his hand on top of Will's, rubbing the back of his hand with his thumb. **"Aš tave myliu."**

Will smiles, *"I love you too, daddy."* He's not helping himself stay calm.

"Mama, can we go for a walk with the doggies today?"

"Maybe, sweetheart, though I think it might rain."

"If we can't go, can we watch Mulan?"

"Even if we go for a walk we can watch Mulan."

"Thank you, mama."

"You're welcome, baby girl."

"Griffy, mama said we can watch Mulan and walk the doggies."

"Mama said maybe."

"If it doesn't rain."

The twins continue babbling back and forth about Mulan and rain.

"I could cancel my appointments and stay with you."

"Don't tempt me, Hannibal."

"What's the harm in a little temptation?" Hannibal smiles at him.

"A lot when my heat is coming soon, and I'm so incredibly horny around you." Will glares--there is no anger or annoyance in it.

They finish eating and Hannibal takes the dishes into the kitchen, Will hears him speaking to Armand, "I will see you soon, mažylis, be a good boy for mama while I'm at work." He hears Armand snuffle in his sleep before Hannibal re-enters the dining room.

Will watches as Hannibal kisses Antonella then Gryphon on their forehead, "Goodbye, mielasis." Followed by "Goodbye, kūdikis."

"Bye, daddy." They say in unison before resuming their conversation about why walking the doggies in the rain isn't a good idea.

He then comes to Will, not so subtly scent marking him as he bends to kiss him. A few quick kisses, followed by one longer one. Hannibal licks at Will's lips, they part immediately, his tongue slides inside to rub against Will's. His hand comes up to cup Will's jaw during, wrist running against Will's neck--leaving his scent and taking Will's with him.

"I don't want you to go."

"I know, mylimasis."

"You have to go though."

"I should, yes."

"You'll call during your lunch hour?"

"No, mylimasis, I'll be here. Our home is close enough that it will be fine and if I am late getting back, so be it, it's my office after all."

Will whines--small and quiet--into the kiss. Hannibal pulls away first--Will can only assume it's because he can smell the fresh bit of slick that he's begun to leak.

"I'll miss you."

"And I you, mylimasis."

"I'll be right back, and then we can go play, okay?" The twins barely acknowledge him, lost in their own conversation together. "Let me walk you to the door." He stands and takes Hannibal's hand before leading him to the front door as if he would get lost on his way.

They speak at the same time, "I love you."

"Perhaps I should try to have the twins down for their nap when you come home for your lunch break."

Hannibal raises his brow, "We won't be eating lunch together?" He says with a smirk.

"As long as they cooperate, I don't think either of us will be eating lunch."

"Tell me, mylimasis, what would you have us do during my lunch hour?"

"I would have you bend me over the closest surface and fuck me."

Hannibal's nostrils flare, scenting Will's arousal, "Well then, let us hope the children are asleep." He kisses Will once more, "Now, I must leave, I'll be back for my lunch hour around eleven forty-five."

Will shivers, "I'll be waiting for you."

Hannibal picks his keys up from the table beside the door, "Have a good morning, my love."

Will stares at the door for a moment after it closes behind Hannibal--he wants to yank it open and beg Hannibal to stay, beg him to stay and play with their children together, beg him to stay and help Will nurse Armand, beg him to stay and take Will to bed and fuck him until he's screaming and his throat is raw and aching--he does not open the door. Instead he turns and goes back into the dining room, the twins don't seem to mind having been left alone for a few minutes, they're still happily chatting back and forth. Will helps them out of their seats and tells them to come with him to the bathroom to wash their hands.

"Mama, can we go color pictures for daddy?"

"I don't wanna color pictures, Griffy, wanna play with my Legos."

"How about we all go into the living room, Tony you can play with the Legos and Grif you can color pictures for daddy, okay?"

"Okay, mama." They dry their hands on a towel before they run off towards the living room. Will heads to the kitchen quickly to grab Armand, leaving him in the kitchen while they were

in the dining room is one thing, leaving him there while they go into the living room makes Will uncomfortable.

He tries to be quiet and careful as he lifts Armand out of the swing, he stretches, his lip quivers slightly, but he does not open his eyes, Will cradles him in his arms, and heads into the living room.

"Mama, look." Tony says as he enters the room. She holds up a Lego tower she built.

"That's so good, baby girl." Will moves to where Gryphon is coloring, he looks down at the paper and sees what he's drawing.

"Mama, look, I drawed, daddy and you, me and sissy and look here is my Armie." He points to the tiny stick figure in stick figure Hannibal's arms. "I'm gonna drawed the doggies next."

"That looks really good, baby."

"Thank you mama."

Will sits on the sofa, Armand still in his arms, and just watches his children--in awe of them, they're a piece of himself and Hannibal and each of them incredible and unique in their own ways.

--

Around ten forty Will starts preparing lunch for the twins, he's going extremely simple this afternoon. Peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, celery and carrots, and apple slices.

Gryphon only likes strawberry jelly on his sandwich and Antonella likes either but prefers grape. Hannibal had been apprehensive at first about store bought sauces for the twins and Will to dip their veggies in, but the twins had fallen in love with ranch to dip their carrots in,

and while Will didn't actually like it all that much, he did briefly crave it early on when he was pregnant with Armand. He puts a little extra peanut butter on each plate as well, for them to dip their apple slices and celery into.

He brings their plates into the dining room before collecting them from the living room--Armand is in his swing rocking back and forth looking around as much as he can, patiently waiting for his own lunch. Will gets each of them a cup of milk before going to get Armand. He whines when Will picks him up, but thankfully does not cry--he's been so good about not crying a lot, it must be Hannibal's genes in him, because Will can cry at the drop of a hat. He grabs the nursing pillow before returning to the dining room. The twins are both focused on their food when Will sits down to nurse Armand.

"Mama, why does he eat like that? Can't he have a samwich too?"

"Well, sweetheart, he's a baby so he can't eat the same foods we do. He can only have milk right now."

"Milk? Doesn't he need a cup?" Antonella's eyes are wide and curious as she asks. Gryphon isn't paying much attention, he's too busy spreading peanut butter onto his celery sticks with his fingers.

"No, baby, he doesn't drink the same milk you and Grif do."

"Then what milk is it, mama?"

"Mama's make it for babies." Gryphon says before Will can.

"That's right, Grif. It's milk that mama's make to help babies grow."

"Why don't we drink it then, mama?"

"Only babies need it, sissy, we're not babies."

"Yes, we are, mama and daddy call us baby."

"No, we're big kids."

"You're still our babies, Tony, but you're not a baby the same way Armand is."

"But I'm still your baby?"

"Forever, baby girl."

The rest of lunch is eaten in relative silence other than the twins babbling back and forth a little bit between bites.

"I'm going to go change Armand and put him down for his nap, I'll be right back, will you two be okay while I go, or do you want to go up to your room to get ready for your nap?"

"Wanna go to our room."

"Tony?"

"Yeah, wanna go to our room."

Will sets half-asleep, Armand into his swing, then helps the twins out of their seats, "Go up to your room, and I'll be there in a minute, okay?"

"Okay, mama." The twins take off out of the room and up the stairs. Will smiles, he takes the twins plates into the kitchen and sets them in the sink. He glances at the clock before going to get Armand to take him upstairs, it's almost eleven thirty, he needs to hurry, Hannibal will be home for lunch soon.

He changes Armand's diaper on their bed, before laying him in his bassinet, Will strokes his cheek momentarily. Armand is asleep before Will even leaves the room.

Tony and Grif are sitting on the floor in the middle of their room playing with one of the puppies.

"Let's go potty, then get into bed, okay?"

"Do you want to put a pull-up on, Grif?"

"Nuh-uh, mama."

"How about you, Tony?"

"Please, mama."

"Grif, go get into bed, we'll be in, in a second."

He helps Antonella get the pull-up on, before putting her bright yellow shorts back on--if Will had to guess, he'd say Hannibal let them both pick out their own outfits for the day. Hannibal always says they should let the twins express themselves however they want to.

He takes Tony's hand and walks her to her bed, he tucks her in, kisses her head, before moving over to Gryphon's bed, he tucks him, and kisses his head too.

He glances to the clock on their shared nightstand--eleven thirty eight--he's almost out of time. "Do you two want me to read a story, or would you rather just listen to your white noise machine?"

"Story, mama, please."

"Okay, baby." Will grabs their favorite, one he's read enough times he could read it in his sleep--The Lorax.

Antonella falls asleep around the time the Onceler family arrives, Gryphon however is still awake when Will hears Hannibal come in the front door. He keeps reading, listening to Hannibal move around downstairs--it's likely he's listening as well and can hear Will reading. Gryphon's eyes slip shut as the Lorax sends the brown bar-ba-loots away. He waits for a moment, before setting the book down and practically running down the stairs.

He finds Hannibal in the living room, sitting on the sofa waiting patiently--or seemingly patiently--for Will. "Hello, mylimasis."

Will bites his lip, fangs sinking in causing blood to well up. "Hi, daddy."

"Come here."

Will crosses the room and sits in Hannibal's lap. "How long do we have?" He licks at the blood on his lip.

"It's nearly noon, my next appointment is not until one thirty."

"We better not waste any time then." He kisses Hannibal, licking into his mouth, biting at his lips--trying to draw blood.

Hannibal pushes his back, gently. "Settle, mylimasis, we have time, and it may not be wise for me to go back to work with a split lip and visible bite marks."

Will growls, "I'll leave all the marks I want on you, and you will not deny me that."

"No, Will, I would never deny you, but I would ask that whatever marks you put on me are not visible to my patients."

"Oh, fuck you. Y-you've never cared before." Will tries to stand, Hannibal holds on tight.

"Will, please, listen to me. I love having your marks on my skin, I proudly wear them so that all may see I am claimed by a fierce, loving omega. But, my love, it has not yet been the full six weeks since you've given birth,"

"I'm healed." What the hell is Hannibal trying to get it, he knows Will is healed.

"I know that, but my love, if you do not want anyone questioning why we're going against doctor's orders, or my fidelity, then you will wait until after the full six weeks end to leave visible marks."

Maybe Hannibal has a point but, "My heat is coming quick, and six weeks i-is less than a week from now, do you seriously think anyone will say anything?"

"I would protect my family's biology."

"Biology? Fuck, Hannibal we are wasting time here. I want you to fuck me. I promise you, I won't bite or scratch or leave any bruises, but I need you inside of me. If you don't want to do that, then please just go back to your office and let me go fuck myself."

Hannibal growls this time, "Mylimasis, please, do not turn me away now."

Will's arms go around Hannibal's shoulders, "I'm not turning you away, you don't want to risk anyone finding out about.. it-it doesn't matter, okay? I think we might need to call Alana and Margot tonight, I think my heat is coming within the next couple days, I **need** you, please, Hannibal, please." He's not in preheat, not yet, but if there was such a thing as pre-preheat he's sure he's in it.

"Where do you want me?"

"Right here, I've been thinking about it all morning, I want you to pull my pants down to my thighs, bend me over the back of this sofa and fuck me." Will has been thinking about this since Hannibal left, they're had sex on the sofa before but never with Will bent over it, he'd really like to try.

"I thought we couldn't have sex in the living room? And you want me to take you from behind?" Surprise in his tone.

"I know, I've said before that we can't, but fuck, I want this so badly."

"And I will give you what you want. Give me a moment to run upstairs and grab a condom and,"

"Don't."

"Don't? What do you mean? I know you haven't gone into heat yet, but you know as well as I do how fertile you are."

"I know, and I know we just had Armand and that I was bitching like crazy that I wanted the uh, postpartum shit to be over, but I need to feel you, need to feel your cum inside of me, and *if* I happen to uh, to get pregnant again, then so be it. Hannibal, you are the best daddy to our children, the most wonderful alpha, you take such good care of all of us. Maybe having another baby so soon with all the bullshit going on isn't a good idea, but I want you, and maybe it's my omega instincts making me say this, but I want to give you as many babies as I

can." Will's underwear and jeans are becoming soaked in his slick, and tears have formed in his eyes--this isn't how their time was supposed to go.

Hannibal kisses him--quick, short, kisses one after the next. "If that is what you want, I will not argue. I would give you anything you want."

"That's very sweet of you, my alpha, but right now, the only thing I want from you is for you to be inside of me, please. Don't make me wait any longer."

"Up." There's no alpha voice in Hannibal's words, but Will *feels* the power--feels the command of it--he stands quickly. Hannibal stands with him, he takes Will's hand and leads him around the sofa--as eager as Will he's, he is grateful that Hannibal doesn't just push him down and fuck him--he kisses Will, it's rushed and their teeth clack together, but it's still nice. He slowly turns Will in his embrace, until his ass is pressed firmly against Hannibal's groin.

"Alpha." Will whines, dragging out each letter--he's so *desperate* for this, the first heat after having a baby is usually always a bit more intense, but damn, Will's heat was nothing like this after the twins.

Hannibal's hands snake around to the front of him, lightly palms his cock through his jeans before unbuttoning them and quickly pulling his zipper down. He grabs Will's waistband and yanks the jeans and boxer briefs down just below the curve of his ass. Hannibal gently massages the flesh of Will's ass with one hand while unbuttoning and unzipping his own pants with the other--he moves to push them down, out of the way to try to *save* them from Will's slick. "It's everywhere, Hannibal, you can change after. Fuck me." Will demands, pushing himself back against Hannibal, effectively smearing slick all over him. Something inside of Will becomes deeply satisfied at the thought of *ruining* his alpha's clothes--making Hannibal smell like him. "Please." Will whines, with the tiniest hint of his omega voice in it.

He's pushed forward over the sofa--he's bent at the waist, his palms lay flat against the cushions--one of Hannibal's hands is in between his shoulder blades the other is curled around his hip. Hannibal pushes Will's feet apart slightly with his own foot. Will whimpers and purrs--trying to entice Hannibal, not that he *needs* to be enticed. Will feels the blunt head of Hannibal's cock as he slides it between the soft folds of Will's cunt, slicking his cock--and possibly scent marking himself--with Will's slick. Just the thought of it makes Will tremble and whine. He doesn't push inside, he fucks between Will's thighs--it's loose because of his stance, but the slick feeling of Hannibal's hard cock between his thighs feels nice.

Finally the head of Hannibal's cock presses against Will's entrance, he pushes inside slowly--too slowly. "Please, alpha." Will pushes back against Hannibal.

"Settle, mano širduk, I do not want to hurt you."

"Fuck hurting me, I'm fine. I can take it, fuck me, please." Will growls. "I'm not going to break, and we don't have time to waste." Again he tries to push himself back onto Hannibal.

Hannibal pushes him down--bending him further over the sofa--he pulls back out of Will, causing him to growl again. Hannibal shushes him, softly. "I will give you want, but I refuse to hurt you. You've not been penetrated for quite some time and,"

"Please, please just shut up and fuck me." Leave it to Hannibal to make sex, unsexy by saying things like penetrated.

He thrusts into Will again, this time faster, but still *too* gently, but Will keeps his bitching to himself and just lets it happen.

"Ah, fuck." He whines quietly. "Please, daddy." He subtly pushes back against Hannibal, clenching around his cock.

Hannibal's hand slips up from between his shoulders to rest at the nape of his neck, fingers tangling in his hair. His pace does not change but he does fuck into Will impossibly deeper, with a low growl rumbling in his chest.

Slick practically gushes from Will at the sound, "Daddy." He moans, dragging out the a sound. He's so *horny* , so *desperate* for Hannibal--he's never felt this way before, not during his heat, not after having the twins, it's as if something inside Will has gone feral for his alpha. Hopefully it calms down after his heat--he loves Hannibal but this all consuming feeling is *too much* .

"Shh, mylimasis, I know you feel good, but I do not want you to wake the children and end our time together prematurely."

Will moans again, no quieter than before, pushing back--fucking himself on Hannibal's cock faster and rougher. *"I need you, daddy, please, please fuck me."*

Hannibal's hand snakes around to the front, to rest against Will's throat. Will pushes against Hannibal's hand, he wants to feel it, wants the pressure. He tightens his grip on Will's throat--only slightly but it's enough to make Will cry out again.

"Do I need to shove something in your mouth to keep you quiet?"

"Please." Will whines.

Hannibal's fingers tighten again around Will's throat--not truly constricting, but it feels so good. The pressure doesn't last though, Hannibal's fingers move up across his throat, rub gently at his jaw before sliding into his mouth between his fangs, touching his tongue.

Will moans around Hannibal's fingers, drool leaks from the corners of his mouth. Pushing back against Hannibal, still trying to make Hannibal fuck him harder and faster.

"Make me come, daddy, please. So close."

Finally, finally Hannibal's pace quickens, the force of his thrusts pushes Will's dripping cock against the sofa--he'll have to clean it before the kids come downstairs.

"Fuck, alpha, please."

Hannibal releases Will's hip and wraps his fingers around Will's leaking cock, stroking quickly. **"Come for me, my love."**

Slick and cum gushes out around Hannibal's cock as his knot starts to swell.

He trembles and bites on Hannibal's fingers as he climaxes--the coppery metallic taste of Hannibal's blood fills his mouth.

Will whimpers and moans, goes lax against the sofa. Hannibal continues fucking him, knot swelling more and more with each thrust. Quickly his knot is full, locking them together, releasing deep inside of Will.

"Daddy." Will whines around Hannibal's fingers.

Hannibal leans down, covering Will's body with his own, nuzzling against his neck and ear. "Mano mėile, I've missed you." Hannibal's words are murmured into Will's ear.

Hannibal's fingers slide out of Will's mouth, he caresses Will's cheek--smearing blood and saliva across his skin. "I'm right here, alpha, not leaving you, never leaving you." Will babbles.

"You're not going anywhere, my omega." He growls into Will's ear.

"Don't wanna go anywhere, never wanna go anywhere. Je t'aime."

"Aš tave myliu, mano širduk."

--

The twins wake up shortly before Hannibal has to leave, he tends to them whole Will gets himself cleaned up.

He takes a quick shower, he considers dressing in jeans again, but ultimately puts on a pair of Hannibal's pajama pants and a plain tshirt.

Will picks up Armand, who's just beginning to fuss and heads downstairs to see Hannibal before he leaves.

"Do you hafta go back to work, daddy?"

"I'm sorry, kūdikis, I do. But I won't be gone very long."

Will sinks down onto the sofa--the back which is freshly scrubbed and still a little damp--and pulls his shirt up enough for Armand to latch.

"Mama, when daddy goes back to work can we walk the doggies?"

"It's raining, sissy, hear it."

"Oh." Antonella pouts.

"We can still watch Mulan after daddy leaves, sweetheart."

"Can the doggies watch it too?"

"Of course they can."

"Can daddy watch Mulan with us?"

"I would love to, Gryphon, I have to go back to work. But I'd be happy to watch a movie with you and Antonella and mama before bed."

"The doggies and my Armie too?"

"Armand might be sleeping then, kūdikis, but yes, he can watch too, and so can the doggies."

"Thank you, daddy."

"Goodbye, kūdikis." Hannibal hugs and kisses Gryphon, "Goodbye, mielasis." He hugs and kisses Antonella.

"Goodbye, daddy." The twins speak at the same time.

Hannibal crosses the room, and leans down to kiss the top of Armand's head as he nurses, "Goodbye, mažylis." He stands up slightly, brushes their lips together, "Goodbye, mano širduk."

"Goodbye, daddy, we'll miss you."

"A few hours and I'll be home."

--

All hell breaks loose shortly after Hannibal leaves--Armand won't stop crying, Will has nursed him, changed him, rocked him, held him over his arm to try to help settle his tummy, and did bicycle legs to help him poop. Nothing works and Armand screams.

Antonella tosses legos all over the living room, chases the dogs around the house trying to ride them like horsies.

And Gryphon, bless him, tries tirelessly to help Will settle Armand--he tries but keeps getting in Will's way as he tries to settle Armand.

"Mama, I help."

"Yes, baby, you're helping, but I need you to go play."

"Mama, I help."

"Go play, baby."

Each time Armand seems to be settling, and Will tries to put him down to stop Antonella, Gryphon gets in Armand's face, kissing him or stroking his cheeks which makes him cry again.

"Tony, baby, please, come pick up your toys."

"Playin' horsies, mama."

"No, leave the dogs alone and come clean up your mess."

"Mama, my Armie is sad."

"He's not sad, Griffy, he's a baby and babies cry."

"No, mama, he's sad."

"Gryphon, please, just go play."

"Tony, get in here and clean up these toys, then we can watch Mulan."

"Don't wanna watch Mulan, mama." Antonella yells from the other room.

"Antonella Ilithyia get in here, now!" Will yells--he doesn't yell often and immediately regrets it. Not only does Armand seem to cry harder and louder, Gryphon starts crying too.

Fuck.

He puts the still screaming Armand into his swing, looks over to where Gryphon is cuddling a stuffed toy, hiccuping sobs and tears concealed by it's soft fur. Will leaves the room and goes to find Tony, he finds her in Hannibal's office, papers strewn across the room, two of the puppies hiding under Hannibal's desk, with Antonella standing on top of it.

"What are you doing?" Will tries not to yell, but he's frustrated.

"The doggies don't wanna play horsies so I was being daddy." Antonella crosses her arms and looks *down* at Will.

"Antonella Ilithyia, you know you're not allowed in daddy's office and you're certainly not allowed to touch his papers."

"But, mama." She whines.

"Get down, right now."

"Nuh-uh." She huffs.

Will slowly moves closer to grab her, he doesn't want her to try to get away and fall.

"Mama!" Gryphon yells from the living room.

The sound of Gryphon's voice distracts Antonella enough that Will can grab her.

"Mama, put me down." There's a growl mixed in with her words.

"You're going to have a time out now." He sets her in the timeout chair just outside of the living room.

"What's wrong Gr-" he starts to ask Gryphon upon re-entering the living room but quickly sees the problem. Gryphon and Armand are covered in baby throw up, both crying.

Will tries to stay calm, but he can't, tears well up in his eyes and fall fat and wet down his cheeks.

"Mama, I sorry, my Armie throwed up when I tried to hug him."

"You didn't do anything wrong, baby, you were trying to help, I know." He walks back to where he'd left Antonella on the timeout chair, "Baby girl, please listen to me, I need you to go up to your room and play. I need to give your brother's baths."

"But mama, I wanna play with Griffy."

"Gryphon is covered in throw up, you're going to have to play alone for a little while."

"But mama." She growls at him.

"Antonella, please, honey, I know you want to play with your brother and the dogs and watch a movie but you need to go to your room and be good for mama for a little while."

She growls at him again, crosses her arms and stomps up the stairs.

Will cries harder.

"Come on, baby let's go get you cleaned up." He takes Gryphon by the hand and leads him to the bathroom, they normally do baths upstairs but right now he doesn't want to track vomit all over through the house.

"Stay right here while I go get Armand."

"Okay, mama."

Will practically runs to the living room, he picks Armand up, he's still screaming. The sound of his baby crying only makes him cry more. Not only does the crying make him cry, his breasts begin to leak as well, the wet uncomfortable feeling of his t-shirt sticking to his nipples upsets him even more.

"I wish you were here, Hannibal. I can't do this."

He doesn't expect Hannibal to hear him, but he wishes he would. He wishes he could hear Hannibal's soothing voice, he wishes Hannibal would walk in the front door and help him.

He gets Armand's baby bathtub out and fills it with water while still cradling him. Gryphon stands and watches from next to the bathtub.

"Can you be really careful baby and take your yucky clothes off?"

"Yes, mama."

He let's the water in Armand's bath cool slightly while he turns the bathtub on for Gryphon. "Can you put the plug in for me?" He asks as tears still silently fall.

"Don't be sad mama." Gryphon says as he puts the plug into the tub.

"I'm not sad, honey, just a little overwhelmed with daddy not being here."

"My Armie is sad too, it's okay to be sad, mama."

"I know, baby, I know. I'll be okay, let's get you into the tub now." He shuts the water off with just a few inches of water in the tub, and takes Gryphon's hand to help him climb in. Will hands Gryphon a washcloth, "Remember one small dollop of soap and start washing yourself, okay?"

"Okay, mama."

"I'm going to get Armand cleaned up and then I'll help you okay."

"Okay, mama. I'll be okay."

Will focuses his hearing for a moment, he hears Antonella upstairs talking to one of the puppies.

"Mama is being a meanie, he won't let me play with Griffy."

Will sobs silently as he strips Armand of his soiled clothes. He places the screaming baby into the baby bathtub and starts washing him. Will cleans him quickly so that he can focus on Gryphon in the bathtub.

Will wraps a towel around Armand and dries him off, he grabs a diaper out of the cabinet and puts it on him before wrapping the towel around him again, "I'll be right back, Gryphon, I'm going to put Armand in his swing in the kitchen." He doesn't want to leave Armand in the kitchen, crying, but it's the closest swing to the bathroom.

"Okay, mama, I'll stay right here."

"Thank you, baby."

Will lays Armand in the swing, straps him in and gives him a pacifier, he seems to settle. Will heads back to the bathroom. He finds Gryphon right where he left him, being a good little boy, washing his body off.

"Mama, will you help me with my hair?"

Will nods, "Of course." He's still crying, but not sobbing any longer. He helps Gryphon wash his hair, acutely aware that Antonella is still ranting and raving to the puppies upstairs about how mean mama is and that Armand has started screaming and crying again in his swing.

"Please, Hannibal, I need you to come home."

How the hell did he do this with the twins?

--

He turns Mulan on for the twins to watch, Gryphon watches but is more focused on still trying to soothe Armand. Antonella huffs and puffs and growls and glares at Will the entire time.

Armand screams and cries like he's hurt or maybe hungry, but Will's tried *everything* again and again. Armand won't nurse--Will's breast leak and ache--his diaper has been changed and re-changed, Will's tried all the positions to help with tummy problems, he's rocked and bounced and swaddled Armand. Will's tried softly singing to him, he's taken his clothes off thinking maybe he was too hot, he's tried putting extra clothes on him thinking maybe he was too cold. He's given Armand a pacifier, which helps for a few minutes but ultimately ends in him screaming again. Will has checked his temperature more than once--normal every time.

He's at his wits end, Antonella seems to hate him--mama is a meanie, echoes in his head. Gryphon is being such a sweetheart, but isn't actually helping the situation. And Armand is inconsolable and Will can't stop crying.

Will put Armand in his swing, gives him a pacifier--hoping maybe this time it will help--and crawls onto the sofa, he pulls a blanket around his shoulders. His entire body shakes as he cries and waits.

"I can't do this, Hannibal."

"Alpha, please come home."

"Why did I suggest having another one when I can't even take care of the ones we have now?"

--

Armand finally wears himself out and falls asleep screaming and crying--it doesn't last long though, the twins wake him up. "Daddy!" Gryphon and Antonella yell, running towards the front door when Hannibal gets home.

"Hello, Gryphon, hello Antonella."

Will isn't crying anymore--not really--his eyes are red and swollen, his shirt is damp and uncomfortable from leaking, he trembles underneath the blanket, rocking himself slightly.

Armand cries in his swing--not screaming now, but steadily whimpering.

"Daddy, mama is mean."

"Daddy, my Armie throwed up all over me."

"Daddy, mama gave me time out."

"Daddy, mama gave me and my Armie baths."

"Daddy, mama chased me into your office."

"Daddy, my Armie is really sad."

Hannibal enters the living room holding the twins hands, both chatting away about what's been happening since Hannibal went back to work.

"You can both tell me the rest later, right now I want you both to go to your room, please."

"But, daddy." The whine harmoniously.

"No, go up to your room, right now, I'll come up and get you soon."

"C'mon sissy." Gryphon takes Antonella's hand and pulls her towards the steps. "Daddy wants to take care of mama."

"But-"

"No, sissy." Gryphon pulls her harder, and finally she follows him.

Hannibal stops near Armand for a moment, brings the pacifie to his mouth, his hand lingers near the baby for a moment before he steps away towards Will.

Be sinks down next to Will, wraps an arm around him and pulls him in close. "Settle, mylimasis."

Will still trembles, breathing in Hannibal's scent--soothing himself. "I'm sorry." He whispers.

"You've done nothing to be sorry for."

"Armand has been crying for hours, he won't nurse, he threw up all over himself and Gryphon, he just won't stop crying. Gryphon tried to help, but was making it worse. Antonella hates me and she threw papers all over your office, which I didn't get to clean up yet."

"Shh, you're alright, Will. It was your first day alone with the kids, I shouldn't have left you for so long."

"Mama's mean, I wasn't being mean, I just wanted her to listen. She hates me now."

"No, my love, she does not hate you."

"I don't know why I said that about having another one, I can't even take care of the ones we have now."

"You are a wonderful mama, our children are well taken care of and so loved. Never doubt yourself about that. With your heat being so close, I should not have left you alone, the influx of hormones can cause instability."

"'m not unstable."

"No, my love, that's not what I meant. The hormone changes can affect everyone--and with yours and the children's biology it's possible that it's affecting them to a greater extent. Antonella is experiencing the moodiness that pre-heat can bring, Gryphon is experiencing the nurturing tendencies, and Armand is experiencing the sadness that can occur during pre-heat. I should not have left you all alone. During this time you need your alpha's scent to help soothe and level you all. A mistake on my part, I'll go now and cancel my appointments for the rest of the week." Hannibal releases Will and stands.

Will grabs for him, "You don't need to do that."

"I shouldn't have scheduled to go back until after your first postpartum heat. It will be alright, Will. My patients will understand."

"I'm making a mess out of everything."

Hannibal sits next to him, "You're not making a mess of anything. Some days are harder than others. I cannot imagine the struggle it would be to take care of the children during my pre-rut."

"I'm an omega though--we're supposed to know how to handle children, that's what omegas are for. Taking care of babies and homes and making sure their alpha is satisfied. I'm not a very good omega."

"You are not a typical omega, my love, and that is one of the reasons that I love you. I've never wanted a docile, domestic, obedient omega. You are perfect for me and our family."

"I couldn't even get our baby to stop crying. Hannibal, he screamed for hours and nothing I did helped."

"Do not let one bad day ruin all the good days, mylimasis. How many times have you comforted one of our children?"

"But-"

"No, none of that. You are the best mama to our children. I know you've had a rough day, and I blame myself in part for that, but they are still healthy and happy children, they love their mama and I love you, Will." Hannibal stokes Will's cheek as he speaks, he presses a soft kiss to the corner of Will's mouth. "I'm going to speak to Gryphon and Antonella now, you stay right here, my love and I'll return soon."

Will nods, silently and watches as Hannibal leaves the room. He glances to Armand in his swing, pacifier still in his mouth, nose wrinkled up--scenting the room--the pacifier falls and while he doesn't immediately start screaming again, he does whine.

Before he can truly begin to cry, Will slides onto the floor, blanket still around him, and crawls towards Armand. "Hey, little man, it's alright, mama's here." He reaches and caresses Armand's cheek. "Nothing's going to hurt you, baby, I won't let it."

Quick snuffles and short whines fill the silence of the room, Will picks Armand up and cradles him against his chest, slowly rocking him.

He does not settle.

Will lifts him up so that his face is near Will's neck--close to his scent gland, the way Hannibal typically holds him--he doesn't immediately settle, but he does stop whining.

Armand still fusses slightly in Will's embrace, but it helps to settle Will as well, holding his baby so close.

Chapter End Notes

"mano širduk" - "my heart"

End Notes

I'm accepting prompts on Tumblr if you wanna send me one, go for it. Check my pinned post for details.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!